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MAGAZINE
JUNE 11 & 25, 1979 • $1.25

Phil Stanford: *The Snoop in the Mailbox*

Nat Hentoff: *Against Nuclear Secrecy*

Heading for a Showdown in Nicaragua

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Spring Book Issue

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Check your chances of getting cancer.

LUNG CANCER

- ☐ Heavy smoker over age 50.
- ☐ Started smoking age 15 or before.
- ☐ Have a persistent cough.

BREAST CANCER

- ☐ Over 40 and have close relatives who had breast cancer.
- ☐ Had a breast operation.
- ☐ Have a lump or nipple discharge.

CERVICAL CANCER

- ☐ Began having sex at an early age and with many partners.
- ☐ Have unusual bleeding or discharge between periods.

CANCER OF THE COLON & RECTUM

- ☐ Have a history of polyps.
- ☐ Have blood in your stool.
- ☐ Have ulcerative colitis.

ENDOMETRIAL CANCER

- ☐ Have abnormal bleeding during or after menopause.
- ☐ Have diabetes and high blood pressure and are overweight.
- ☐ Began menopause late (after 55).

Cancer. It can attack anyone. But some people live with a higher risk of developing cancer than others. However, the earlier the diagnosis, the better the chances of cure.
Look over the list above. If you check any of the boxes, see your doctor. Discuss with him your risks of getting cancer.
Knowing about cancer is a first step toward curing it.

American Cancer Society

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INQUIRY®

JUNE 11 & 25, 1979

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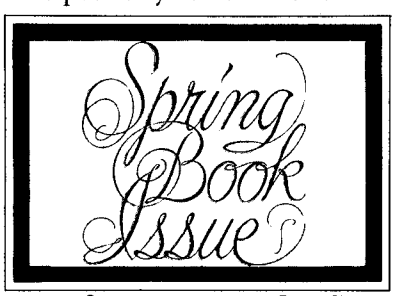

CALLIGRAPHIC DESIGN BY BECKY WILSON

Other book reviews include J. N. Gray on Leszek Kolakowski's three-volume study, *Main Currents of Marxism*; Bill Monroe on *The Fairness Doctrine and the Media*, by Steven J. Simmons; Alan Ryan on *Concepts and Categories*, the philosophical essays of Isaiah Berlin; Richard Drinnon on *The Political Economy of Human Rights*, by Noam Chomsky and Edward Herman.

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

PHILIP GREEN, AN editorial board member of *The Nation*, had some sharp words for *INQUIRY* in a two-part essay that appeared recently in that venerable weekly. Among other things, he chided us for claiming to combine left and right in our editorial perspective. But there are problems with strict allegiance to either side of the political spectrum—particularly as it is now constituted. It is, after all, the same government that is censoring *The Progressive* and opening our mail (see Hentoff and Stanford in this issue) that precipitated the tax revolt and created inflation. There are stirrings among the American electorate that may, when more clearly defined, make obsolete the political categories we now take for granted.

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RES PUBLICA

Gobble, gobble

■ As he gobbled a hamburger in his hotel room before his speech, [Alfred Kahn, chief of President Carter's anti-inflation program] said, "Things have gone very badly, worse than anyone would have expected."

Part of the reason is bad luck, he said, and he is counting heavily on a change in luck, as well as economic policy, to bail the program out. . . . But if he is wrong, he is prepared to throw in the towel philosophically. "I really never have confused myself with God," he said. "So I can't cure inflation. Who the hell do I think I am? I do what I can."

—*Los Angeles Times, Apr. 17, 1979*

Unconcealed brain failure

■ Politicians and national leaders should be given regular tests for brain disorders, a leading [British] neurologist has urged. Modern methods could enable all members of Parliament to be brain-scanned within a month, opening the way to "preventive maladministration."

The proposal was made by Dr. William Goody, senior physician at the Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Bloomsbury. He was supported by a senior psychiatrist, Dr. William Newnham, of Towers Hospital, Leicester, who described aging politicians as potentially dangerous because they might be "in a state of concealed brain failure" while controlling the lives of thousands of people.

—*Los Angeles Times, Apr. 12, 1979*

Blinder than whom?

■ Dan White [on trial for the murder of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk] "has been in conflict all his life" between the longing to be a "free spirit" and a strong sense of social responsibility, a prominent Marin County psychiatrist testified yesterday.

White's frequent episodes of deep depression, Dr. Martin Blinder told the jury at White's murder trial, were escalated by an exclusive diet of junk food—Twinkies, cupcakes, chocolate bars and Cokes.

—*San Francisco Chronicle, May 9, 1979*

It just happened that way

■ Former Cambodian leader Prince Norodom Sihanouk said today he was now "sincere friends" with Henry Kissinger, the U.S. secretary of state during the invasion and bombing of Cambodia in the Vietnam war.

Prince Sihanouk told foreign correspondents . . . that Kissinger . . . was extremely friendly to him and said, "I never planned to get rid of you."

"In that case," the prince quipped, "I'll have to take Kissinger's name out of the book I'm writing about the history of the war, and if Nixon comes to Peking I'll have to take Nixon's name out, too, and I won't have any book left."

—*Washington Post, Apr. 28, 1979*

Stick it

■ All pocket knives — not simply switchblades—should be banned in the city; anybody caught selling them should be jailed, not fined; if a weapon is sold illegally, then the seller—if the weapon is traced—should be held as a co-defendant in any crime in which the weapon is used. Possession of a pocket knife should be punished just as severely. The purpose of a pocket knife is to cut. Not apples, pencils, or roast beef. People.

—Pete Hamill, *New York Daily News, Mar. 12, 1979*

The Slumber Party Prevention Act of 1978

■ Ohio's legislature, which once inadvertently banned tricycles from sidewalks, now appears to have laid down the law on youngsters' backyard campouts.

Sen. John R. Kasich (R-Columbus) said Monday that he interprets a 1978 law to mean that it is illegal for a landowner to allow five or more sleeping bags on his property unless it is licensed as a recreational camp.

—*Washington Post, Mar. 21, 1979*

Why not the most?

■ Interviewed on ABC's "Issues and Answers" program, [John] Connally said he would cut defense spending, "in the sense that you try to force every department and agency to cut out extravagance." But he said "at the same time, I'd turn right around and probably add at least 10 percent to the defense budget to build the B-1 (which President Carter rejected), to decrease the time period in which we'd have the MX missile available to us. I'd probably build a nuclear aircraft carrier. There's a lot of things I'd do."

—*San Francisco Chronicle, Apr. 23, 1979*

Aiming to please

■ Most cities and foreign governments are equally accommodating [to Presidential visits]. On last year's visit to Lagos, for example, Evan Dobelle, then Chief of Protocol, learned to his horror that executions were conducted on the beach just behind the hotel that housed the Presidential party. He told his Nigerian counterpart that he assumed that no executions would be carried out during the Presidential stay. None were planned, the Nigerian diplomat replied, but he added that if the President so desired, some executions could be hastily arranged.

—*New York Times, May 4, 1979*

Standards are declining everywhere

■ When a high school in Peking recently tested students on the difference between Marxist Socialism and capitalism, a large number could not explain the difference or expound upon the advantages of the Marxist system. Even more disturbing, said a report in The Liberation Army Daily, when asked what they most wanted in life, some students replied, "Good work and high wages."

—*New York Times, May 6, 1979*

And some of them don't even have to get elected

■ "Being a full-time crazy person is becoming an occupation" for a certain segment of our society, says Sue Estroff, a University of Wisconsin anthropologist.

Living in a system that supports people who acknowledge their disabilities, she says, many chronically disturbed people "earn their living by being different."

—*San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle, Apr. 29, 1979*

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Nutmeg nonsense

Red star over Grenada?

WHILE WASHINGTON WAS BEMOAN-ing the failure of our intelligence agencies to predict the downfall of the shah in Iran, another revolt was taking place that caught the State Department equally unaware: the coup in Grenada. Last March, while the country's prime minister, Sir Eric Gairy, was visiting the United States, members of the opposition New Jewel Movement seized power after subduing the island's main police station.

Grenada's nervous Caribbean neighbors were reassured when Maurice Bishop, head of the new government, promised to restore democracy, protect human and property rights, remain in the British Commonwealth, and improve relations with the United States, Canada, and other Western democracies. Nevertheless, the coup has alarmed some foreign observers. Members of the new regime call themselves socialists, and Bishop once blusteringly warned neighboring governments to "free your own people if you want to stop revolution in your own countries." Their response has been to set up a regional police force to defend themselves against "armed and trained revolutionaries."

The island of Grenada—only twice the size of the District of Columbia—might not seem like much of a threat to anybody, but the State Department is now in a tizzy. It seems that Grenada has established relations with Cuba (as it has with Britain, the United States, and other countries) and may even have accepted a few arms from that communist colossus to the north. On instructions of the State Department, the U.S. ambassador to Barbados flew out to Grenada to lay down the law. "We would view with displeasure," said Ambassador Frank Ortiz, "any tendency on the part of Grenada to develop closer ties with Cuba."

The State Department, according to the *Baltimore Sun*, frets "over the violence that accompanied the coup"—namely, two dead, for which the new government expressed "deep regret." But the *Sun* also reports official concern that Castro, fresh from his successes in Africa, will now turn again on Latin America. Presumably Grenada is his first domino; St. Vincent may be the next to go, and then —who knows?—perhaps Barbados itself will succumb.

The implications for U.S. interests from the "loss" of Grenada would be staggering. Bishop might eject all 700 American students studying at the St. George's Medical School, headed by the father of President Carter's former drug adviser, Peter Bourne. Even worse, the new prime minister could embargo supplies of nutmeg, of which Grenada accounts for one-third of the world's production. Where would Americans be without nutmeg for their traditional Thanksgiving pumpkin pies? Not to mention their eggnog on New Year's Day.

If the State Department is so easily rattled by the Bishop government, it is hard to understand Foggy Bottom's complacent regard for the Gairy regime that preceded it. There were no expressions of "concern" when Gairy's ax-wielding goons beat up dissidents, or when his police murdered members of the opposition, including the father of Maurice Bishop. When Gairy's secret police looted and closed down the premises of the banana, cocoa, and nutmeg growers' associations, plunging the economy into chaos; when he embezzled hundreds of thousands of dollars of public funds; when he invited South Korea and Chile to train his feared secret police, there was no sign of State Department "displeasure." Perhaps the department accepted Gairy's claim that he was "chosen by God to rule Grenada."

If Grenada were in fact more strategically significant, this new Caribbean red scare would be another tragic reminder of the blinders that have obstructed U.S. policy toward Latin America since Castro took power in 1959. Fortunately, in this case, we can laugh with the Grenadans at the myopia of our blundering Department of State. ❑

How to create a gas shortage

High-octane politics

IF CALIFORNIA IS TRULY THE TREND-setter for the nation, there's a good chance that you are reading this issue of *INQUIRY* while waiting in line at a gas station. That's where most of us spend our leisure hours these days, and we've used the time to good advantage, cursing the bureaucratic meddlers who brought us the Great Gas Shortage of 1979.

Many congressmen are hunting for an oil-company conspiracy, but the fact is that the source of the current gasoline problem lies in the tangled maze of regulations that Congress, the White House, the Environmental Protection Agency, and the Department of Energy have clamped on the oil business. Of course, this is not what people want to hear; the oil companies have so long enjoyed a sweetheart relationship with government—in the form of price supports, import quotas, and the protection of overseas investments—that it's hard to imagine that they are not the villains in this drama, too. This time, though, the politicians and bureaucrats are the bad guys. All that remains the same is that the rest of us are the victims.

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Why is gasoline hard to find? In simplest terms, because contradictory government policies have increased the demand for gasoline while restricting supplies. Environmental rules have forced automakers to produce cars with catalytic converters faster than refiners can provide the needed fuel, leading to a shortfall of unleaded gas. In addition, since less unleaded than leaded fuel can be squeezed from a barrel of crude oil, a refinery operating at full capacity can produce less gasoline than in the past. In a normal market situation, refiners could have charged a large premium to cover the extra costs of making unleaded gasoline, but until recently the Department of Energy price controls held the refiners' margins for gasoline—alone of all refined products—artificially low. (Even now, the EPA is reportedly lobbying the Energy Department to keep the spread between the prices of leaded and unleaded low, fearing that high prices for unleaded fuel will tempt owners of new cars to switch to leaded gas—and thus ruin their catalytic converters.) The results could have been predicted. With the price held below market-clearing levels, too many people are chasing after too little gasoline.

And there are signs that things will get worse. Election year is just around the corner, and what politician worth his salt is going to let good public policy get in the way of his reelection? In late April, just as the gas lines were lengthening in California, Jimmy Carter flew to—where else?—New Hampshire to announce that he would order oil companies to build up their depleted stocks of home heating oil before switching over to gasoline production. What does the President care that this will cut into gasoline supplies this summer, as long as New Hampshire has plenty of heating oil when the primary rolls around next year? ❏

Apologists for Big Brother

Leviathan revisited

IT IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE OBVIous that in America today faith in government is plummeting. A few of the reasons for this are clear enough: First came Vietnam, then Watergate and the revelations of the crimes of our secret intelligence agencies. The scales have begun falling from the eyes of millions of Americans raised on high-school civics courses on the nature of our political system. The landslide victory of Proposition 13 with its unmistakable overtones of the Boston Tea Party inspired people across the country to believe that they could stand up to the entrenched interests and win. Meanwhile the evident failure of grandiose government programs and the inanity of government economic regulations began to be spoken of everywhere—and not merely by sometimes hypocritical businessmen. On a less obvious level, personal experience with the drug laws has taught hundreds of thousands of young (and by now not so young) people a real-life lesson in the meaning of political corruption and oppression.

Perhaps the best evidence of this antigovernment mood is that the traditional supporters of state power now find themselves having to offer an embattled defense of it. That state power is good was one of the last messages Hubert Humphrey left us, and it appears to be John Connally's central contribution as he tries to persuade us all to be just as doggone positive about the basic soundness of our system as he is. Conservatives vie with liberals in nervously remarking that the antistate trend may be getting out of hand, that the time has come to reestablish trust in government.

Two recent liberal efforts deserve comment: the lead editorial in the March 16 issue of *Commonweal*, "In Defense of Government," and Philip Green's two-part featured essay in the March 31 and April 16 issues of *The Nation*: "America Amok" and "Two Cheers for the State."

Commonweal begins with the grim news that not for generations "have there been so many intelligent people bent upon proclaiming that the state is the enemy." It then sketches the antigovernment coalition that is forming: "a striking alliance . . . between the doctrinaire libertarians . . . and many '60s radicals whose social concerns led to a disenchantment with government measures or a fear of government control." This alliance, it notes, has not extended to big business or the neoconservatives, two groups that *Commonweal* feels naturally belong in any antigovernment coalition but are restrained from joining "only" because of government handouts and an overriding hawkish foreign policy. The editors somehow fail to grasp the fundamental fact that handouts to big business and a belligerent foreign policy can coexist only with the sort of state the antigovernment coalition is attacking.

Hostility to state power, *Commonweal* argues, "is no service to our society"; government should be limited only when the specific case merits it. Even if one were to accept the ideological underpinnings of this view of government, there are at least two manifest problems with it. In the first place, we are given no hint of any moral or other *principles* to be used in deciding for or against government action. How much weight, for instance, should be given the fact that state activities are always and necessarily coercive? In the second place, this purely ad hoc approach would require us to cancel the knowledge we have gained about the nature and typical procedures of government, the hard-earned, justified distrust of government action per se.

This antagonism toward antigovernment sentiment also appears in Philip Green's essay in *The Nation*. After some confusing allusions to the "selfishness" of Moonies, gay-rights activists, and dog owners, Green takes us to task for our reply to his letter to the editor (*INQUIRY*, Oct. 16, 1978). He lists a number of public goods and welfare-state measures and some cases in which unfortunate people have been helped by bureaucracy, and asks whether we would be prepared to scrap these programs. What Green fails to see is that the rationale for government action cannot rest on the fact that *some* good may result from it. Rather, it is a question of the overall effect of the measure, the voluntary alternatives that could have been generated, and the danger we face from a leviathan state fed on a steady diet of benevolent-sounding programs. In no small measure it is also a question of the individual rights that are violated by the exercise of political power and the kind of society we will end up with if coercion is used on every occasion when it may do some good.

Both Green and the *Commonweal* editorial exhibit a condescension toward those who are skeptical of government control and direction. Thus *Commonweal* asserts that much of the opposition to state activism comes from economists, "a group occupationally conditioned to look fondly upon

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market solutions." To the degree that this is so, might not their preference be explained by the circumstance that the more a social problem is studied, the more it becomes evident that government has had a hand in creating it?

Green celebrates the bureaucratic apparatus of social security, the National Labor Relations Board, and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration as "part of 'the good life.' " This, despite repeated indications in scholarly studies and through individual experiences that social security is a bankrupt Ponzi scheme; that the National Labor Relations Act has destroyed the independence and self-government of labor unions, effectively making them an arm of the state; and that OSHA is both a joke to entrepreneurs and workers when it fumbles—as it so often does—and a threat to due process when it succeeds.

In what for Green lends a moral dimension to this argument, he maintains that this bureaucracy spurs voluntary, charitable gestures that would not have been stimulated were it not for the existence of the welfare state. In fact, however, private charitable contributions have been in a holding pattern since World War II despite rising income and rising welfare expenditures. Indeed, the welfare state is crowding out charity.

Are the poor still with us? Part of the reason surely lies in antipoverty programs that have done more to benefit middle-class administrators than to help the poor themselves—not to mention the effects of government-induced inflation, minimum wage laws that shrink the job market, and legislation such as tariffs and farm price supports. Are the mass media stultifying? Is the nuclear-energy industry a threat to our well-being? Consider the special protections afforded the networks by the FCC, and the nuclear power companies by the Price-Anderson Act. One could go on and on. But given what we now know, even in just the economic sphere, aren't the millions of seemingly intelligent men and women, about whose antistatism Green complains, entitled to at least a presumption against government?

Why Green gives the state two cheers and not, say, 0.2 of a cheer, is not evident from his article. He correctly refers to the present American government as "bloated, unresponsive, corrupt, destructive, and a tool of corporate-class rule." Its policies, moreover, are "probusiness, militarized, illiberal." Yet he concludes by warning against any attempts to reduce the power and scope of the leviathan: "Weaken the state and it is almost certainly our collective capacity of self-defense against the powerful that will be most gravely weakened."

Like many of the current apologies for state activism, conservative as well as liberal, Green's essay reads like a preachment against selfishness, in which government somehow redresses the egocentrism of our flawed nature. Green believes that it is in *politics*, of all things, that the individual and group selfishness of the private sector gives way to higher motives. But this is surely to take the state's pious rationalizations much too seriously and to ignore the history of every government, without exception, whatever ideological coloring it gives itself.

Though it is something of a counsel of despair, *Commonweal* offers as a vindication of government that "the state is but one of [the] megastructures" that dominate society and shape our lives; others include "giant corporations, . . . labor organizations and educational and professional bureaucracies." Big government, it is commonly argued, is needed to act as a counterweight against these powerful institutions. That our present political order rests on systematic favoritism toward "private" interests has been—as the reader may have noticed—a continuing theme in the pages of *INQUIRY*. The truth of this has, we think, been amply demonstrated here and elsewhere. What has yet to be demonstrated—or even supported by historical evidence or theoretical considerations—is that the harm these megastructures inflict on us would continue in the absence of government favoritism.

Such favoritism is hardly an accident; rather it is part and parcel of every state in human history. Those who are able to command the major institutions and wield the levers of state power will be the primary beneficiaries of government. The history of Lenin, Stalin, and Mao and their followers certainly attests to this. At least twice in recent American history—during the Progressive Era and the New Deal—reformers thought (*some* of them at any rate) that they were turning the state apparatus against its main beneficiaries and in favor of the poor and powerless. In fact, these reform efforts were largely designed or orchestrated by the plutocrats, the wealthy who use the state rather than the competitive marketplace to gain and increase their wealth. What makes Green and *Commonweal* think their efforts will turn out any differently?

In looking around for a philosophical base from which to attack "the new individualism" its opponents have come up with some odd and revealing recommendations. In the March 10 issue of *The New Republic*, Glenn Tinder argues that the welfare state must be judged not by its *results* but by its *intentions* and cites as exemplars of his social philosophy the prophets of ancient Israel, Plato, and medieval theocracy. And in the spring issue of *Dissent*, Gus Tyler refers to Aristotle, Deuteronomy, and St. Jerome to clinch his case on the evils of lending money at interest; and quotes from Rousseau to rebut both "right-wing laissez-fairist" and "left-wing anarchist." Green appears particularly enamored of Rousseau and his notion of a "common good" over against individual good.

In these astonishing references and suggestions and in the spirit underlying them we may be seeing the formation of an antiindividualist counteralliance: a coalition of social democrats like Tinder, Green, and Tyler and traditionalists of the *National Review* stripe. The right would furnish us, among others, George Will and Dale Vree. Will seems to be making a career out of berating Americans in general for their selfishness, and libertarians in particular for their obsessive concern with individual rights. And Vree, in the May issue of the conservative magazine, *The American Spectator*, writes of the "bourgeois self-exhaustion" of our culture. He praises socialist historian Christopher Lasch's attack on the "culture of narcissism" and Lasch's "understanding that the debauch of culture we witness today is not fundamentally the work of nefarious collectivism, but rather of free-enterprising competitive individualism."

The slogan of this new alliance might well be the recurring theme of all these defenses of government, Green's "the common good precedes individual good" (or, in its paradigmatic 1930s German version, *Gemeinnutz geht vor Eigennutz*). But as Joseph Schumpeter once wrote, it is simply false to reality to imagine a "state" that sails on the clouds above human struggles and interests, serving some metaphysical common good. Instead, serious social analysis requires that we examine how the state really operates: whose lives it aggrandizes and whose it blights. Then we can decide whether we don't want a great deal less of it than we have now. ❑

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LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 1700 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Witch hunt

JUST AFTER READING NAT Hentoff's column on "Kidnapping and the free exercise of religion" [*INQUIRY*, Mar. 19, 1979] I received a communication in the mail which indicates that the state is wasting little time in moving to investigate and ultimately control the religious societies that are unpopular with the average citizen. Your "Cult phobia" by Thomas Robbins and Rick Anthony [*INQUIRY*, Jan. 8 & 22, 1979] warned that investigations will be made. Now, in Pennsylvania, three legislators (Goebel, Pott, and Lashinger) have introduced a resolution into the House of Representatives to create a committee to investigate the recruitment techniques and fund-raising practices of certain religious groups in the commonwealth. As Robbins and Anthony warned, these committees will not merely investigate allegations of physical coercion but will "operate as fishing expeditions aimed at digging up whatever dirt may be available on unpopular groups."

The First Amendment is in danger! Your readers in Pennsylvania may want to write to their state legislators to protest the adoption of HR 20 and lend their support to the Alliance for the Preservation of Religious Liberty at 2105 65th Ave., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DAVID K. WALTER
Society for Individual Liberty
Warminster, Penn.

Hatchet job

I AM WRITING TO EXPRESS MY disappointment with Tom Hazlett's article on the California coastal commissions in your issue of March 19, 1979. While I do not claim definitive or encyclopedic knowledge of coastal governance, our research at the University of California, Berkeley, suggests that the article may seriously mislead readers.

The *INQUIRY* article seems highly biased and unfair to the coastal commissions. While criticisms are undoubtedly in order, I think the article's critique is highly selective, probably overdrawn, and certainly is presented in very strong, colorful terms. Moreover everything is negative. The article does not seem to have a single good thing to say about the coastal commissions' work.

A careful reading leads me to conclude that it is what we sometimes refer to as "a hatchet job." Viewed that way, it looks like a superlative effort.

STANLEY SCOTT
Institute of Governmental Studies
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Nonmeddling

PETER SCHRAG'S COLUMN "The antismoking crusade burns out" [*INQUIRY*, Apr. 2, 1979] captures the essence of the "antismoking movement."

Nonsmokers are a majority in this country. "Antismokers" are not. Groups who press for legislation on public smoking are constantly claiming all nonsmokers as their constituents. This is untrue. Most nonsmokers are no more different from smokers than joggers are from nonjoggers; vegetarians from meateaters; or seatbelt wearers from non–seatbelt wearers. They simply choose one part of their lifestyles to be different.

Unfortunately there will always be that segment of society that feels they know best. You know them. They have the shower-adjuster mentality. If you did not lock your bathroom door, they would be in there adjusting the temperature of your bath water, because they know what is best for you.

RICHARD R. MILLER
The Tobacco Institute
Washington, D.C.

We're happy to join the Tobacco Institute in the ranks of those opposed to government meddling. But please let us know, Mr. Miller, when the institute's lobbyists will appear before Congress to denounce subsidies for tobacco growers. We want to be there to see it with our own eyes.—EDITORS

Open season in Alaska

YOUR ARTICLE "IT'S ALASKA vs. the Feds" [*INQUIRY*, Mar. 19, 1979] hurts more than helps the Alaskan cause. Most of your article dealt with the sport hunters and guides who can't use the land any more. What about the fact that we can't homestead, or even buy the land any more?

What about the fact that we have enough oil in this state to tell Iran to go soak in theirs? Yet it is locked up so that prices are sky high and we have to buy foreign oil. We wouldn't need Iran, OPEC, or their high prices if the government would just open up this state.

Alaskans are no more "land hungry" than any other Americans. We are just more aware of how much the federal government is controlling our every move. We came up here to get away from that and want out from under government's oppressive tyranny.

People in the continental United States had better wake up, and your article did not help them to realize that fact. If the feds get away with stealing our land here in Alaska, they just might decide the other forty-nine states are fair game, too! Then it will be open season for the feds and closed season for freedom.

SANDI TARRANT
Fairbanks, Alaska

Spear carriers

THERE IS ONE REASON THAT the government wants to revive the draft that Tom Conrad failed to mention in his article "Marching toward the draft" [*INQUIRY*, Apr. 16, 1979]: That reason is money. The arms manufacturers and munitions makers need soldiers who can operate their wares in order to continue producing their instruments of destruction. Also, the people who make uniforms and other types of military equipment need a steady flow of men into the armed forces in order to continue reaping their huge profits.

IRWIN BROWNSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

With this issue, INQUIRY commences its monthly schedule for the summer.

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(*Advertisement*)

Wage Your Own Personal Tax Revolt

Like the early pioneers who started this country, many people are rebelling against the near confiscatory taxation at all levels of government. The federal government consumes the taxpayer's cash at the rate of over $800,000 per minute, and the amount that is wasted is scandalous. The citizens are mad as hell and they're not going to take it any more.

There is but one answer left!

The U.S. was founded by a group of individuals who rebelled against the oppressive policies of King George in England. Today, this same spirit of independence, a uniquely American phenomenon, underlies a growing displeasure with government tax and spending policies. This viewpoint is a healthy sign. Our society can remain the freest and most prosperous in the world if government power is held in check by us, the citizens who make up the country. Recent passage of laws (such as Proposition 13) are an indication of a growing wave of protest against wasted tax dollars. The effort is getting stronger and more vehement every day.

The largest tax each one of us pays is Federal Income Tax. Yet, the largest corporations and the wealthiest individuals often pay the least amount of tax. According to an article in a leading newsletter, 17 huge corporations paid no federal income tax in a recent year, although they had a world-wide income of $2.5 billion. Numerous tax loopholes were used. The list includes United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Armco Steel, General Dynamics, Singer, Phelps Dodge, American Airlines, Philadelphia Electric and The Chase Manhatten Corporation. The burden caused by these non-taxpayers must be assumed by "somebody." "Somebody" is always the wage earner. There is, therefore, a major inequity under the law which favors the wealthy and, most especially, corporations. In America today we have what could be called a "Corporate Society."

Some individuals have become so upset with these startling inequities, they have stopped paying taxes and have in many cases even ceased to file tax returns. This approach, however, is frought with danger and has resulted in stiff fines or prison sentences when the government locates and prosecutes the courageous individuals.

You Can Become Part of "The Corporate Society"

Rather than break the law and suffer serious consequences, there is a safer and more viable alternative. You can use the same type of smart thinking as those who own and control great wealth. The big corporations are not necessarily immoral. However, they do get the best advice available on tax matters.

You, as an individual, can now use all the tax loopholes for your own self interest. Thus, you legally gain the advantages yourself as do the huge corporations. Rather than break the law, you can use it to your advantage. Perhaps the best way to accomplish this, as well as reduce your tax burden is through incorporation, the legal form of tax rebellion.

Surprisingly enough, the government encourages incorporation with a number of favorable laws, especially in the area of taxation. In fact, it is rare to find a successful individual who is not incorporated. Incorporation is favored by nearly all millionaires. It is one of the causes of wealth, not its effect. Think about it. Can you think of a single wealthy individual who doesn't own and control his own corporation? It is rare indeed. Let's face it, the first step toward achieving the American Dream in our corporate society is probably incorporation.

To add even more impetus to the idea of starting your own corporation, passage of the Revenue Act of 1978 makes incorporation the ultimate tax shelter. This act and the earlier ones close the door to practically all other tax shelters and loopholes. The tax rate on corporations (especially smaller ones) has been substantially reduced, to as low as 17%.

Favorable laws such as the investment tax credit are most helpful when buying equipment. Even if you incur losses in one year you can deduct those losses over several profitable years.

More Advantages. . .

You can set up a corporate medical plan wherein you deduct from your taxes every dollar spent on medical and dental care, drugs, and health insurance for yourself and your family. You can also get tax deductible group life insurance even if the "group" consists of only one person.

It is important to note that potential tax savings are not the only reason to incorporate. Another chief value is that it limits your liability to the assets of the corporation in the event of a lawsuit. If you do business as an individual or partnership, you can be sued personally, which could put your house and other assets in jeopardy

You can put more money (25% and more of income) into your corporation pension plan. This is more than a traditional "Keogh" plan which has a maximum contribution of $7,500 a year, or even an I.R.A., where the maximum that can be sheltered under special circumstances is only $1,750.

In these times of growing inflation and periodic ups and downs of the econmy, your own corporation is probably the only way that you may maintain control over your economic destiny. And you can often benefit from incorporation without leaving your present job. More about that in a moment.

You Can Incorporate Simply, Easily and Inexpensively.

Up until now, throughout the majority of history, incorporation had one major drawback: high legal fees. Lawyers today charge stiff fees, up to $2,500 for incorporation. The truth is that you can easily incorporate yourself for under $50. A remarkably easy and inexpensive method of incorporating is contained in a book called *How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50.* It comes complete with all the tear-out forms required to start your own corporation . . . minutes . . . bylaws . . . everything you will ever need. The author, Ted Nicholas, has helped thousands of people start their own corporations and has saved them millions of dollars in the process — and many millions more in taxes.

It is very easy, and we will show you how. We'd like to send you a copy of *How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50* for a free thirty-day trial — without risk or obligation on your part. If, for any reason, you're dissatisfied, simply return it for a full refund of your purchase price. We'll also send you a free bonus: The Income Plan -- an astounding report that tells you exactly how to turn your present career into a tax-sheltered corporation. The Income Plan – a $9.95 value -- is yours to keep *absolutely free*, even if you decide to return the incorporating system.

To receive your copy of *How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50*, write your name and address on a piece of paper along with the words "Corporation Book & Bonus" and send it with your check or money order for $14.95 to Enterprise Publishing Co., 501 Beneficial Building, Dept. IQ-96C , Wilmington, Delaware 19801. Send for the system now. Let us help you wage your own personal tax revolt. Important note: The full price of the book is tax deductible. Act Now!

C1077

"Over and over again courts have said that there is nothing sinister in so arranging one's affairs as to keep taxes as low as possible. Everybody does so, rich or poor; and all do right, for nobody owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands; taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions. To demand more in the name of morals is mere cant." **Judge Learned Hand**

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BREAD & CIRCUSES

PHIL STANFORD

Snooping at the post office

ON APRIL 24, THE POSTAL Service published an official announcement in the *Federal Register* that it intends to resume monitoring mail—conducting mail covers, as the practice is known—"for the protection of national security." As it happens, national-security mail covers were declared unconstitutional last November by a federal district court judge in the case *Paton* v. *LaPrade*. Said the judge, "National security as a basis for the mail cover is unconstitutionally vague and overbroad."

By what right, then, has the Postal Service decided to start mail covers again? An assistant counsel for the Postal Service, one Charles R. Braun, explained it all in an introduction to the proposed regulation: "The Postal Service," said Braun, "considers the interlocutory to be erroneous." Moreover, Braun said, "The present national security mail cover program . . . is, in the opinion of the Postal Service, one that substantially serves the national interest."

Braun was even more emphatic in a subsequent statement to the *Washington Post*. "If there was no national security mail cover program," he said, "the FBI might be inhibited in finding out if a nation was planning war against us." This brings to mind all sorts of strange and menacing possibilities:

Dear Charlie (the letter might begin),

We are thinking about invading the United States next weekend. We will probably arrive about noon on Saturday and will bring three divisions. Please let me know if this is not convenient.

Best wishes, Boris

Undoubtedly, this, or a slightly more disguised version thereof, is what Braun had in mind. But, really, if you were a mortal enemy of the United States, intent upon its violent overthrow, would you send an important letter like this through the U.S. mails? Certainly not. The post office would probably lose it somewhere between here and Kansas City. A singing telegram would be safer.

Evidently, however, Braun and his buddies down at the post office are quite serious—and it would behoove the rest of us to quit cracking jokes and take them seriously, as well. Sheer bumbling incompetence has never been an adequate guarantee against government intrusions. And if the new postal regulation setting up national-security mail covers isn't likely to catch many foreign spies, it can certainly result in the surveillance of just about anyone else.

As the report of the Senate Intelligence Committee shows, between the years 1953 and 1973, the Postal Service, at the request of the CIA and FBI, conducted mail covers—which means it recorded names, addresses, and other data on envelopes of letters addressed to certain designated parties—on 2.7 million pieces of mail; it actually opened a quarter of a million letters. In all, about half a million names were indexed. The mail-opening program was evidently discontinued in 1973, about the time the intelligence agencies began to feel the heat from various investigations into their activities. Mail covers, however, continued. According to the Postal Service, "no more than a few hundred national security mail covers are conducted each year." One of these was on a high-school girl named Lori Paton.

In 1973 Lori Paton sent a letter to the Socialist Workers party requesting information for a school project. Actually, she misaddressed the letter—she had intended to send it to the Socialist Labor party—but that hardly mattered. The Socialist Workers party at the time was on the FBI "watch list" and was the subject of a national-security mail cover. The Postal Service gave Lori's name and address to the FBI, and the FBI began an investigation. Before the FBI determined that Lori was not, in fact, the agent of a foreign power, it had questioned the local police, a credit bureau, and her high school. When Lori found out about the investigation she sued, and her case eventually found its way before Judge Lawrence A. Whipple, senior judge of the U.S. district court in New Jersey.

REPRESENTATIVES OF civil liberties groups consider Judge Whipple's decision one of the most favorable ones that have come their way in the past few years. With his ruling, the judge invalidated, "on its face," the postal regulation that allowed national-security mail covers, calling the phrase national security "too ambiguous and broad" to justify the practice:

> Without any qualification or explanation of what is meant by national security an investigation can be initiated on the assertions of an overzealous public official who disagrees with the unorthodox yet constitutionally protected political views of a group or person.
>
> It has become axiomatic that "precision of regulations must be the touchstone in an area so closely touching our most precious freedoms." Such precision is lacking in the mail cover regulation.

Instead of appealing Judge Whipple's decision to a higher court, the Postal Service proposes to amend the regulation, offering a new definition of national security—the "postal meaning" of the words, as Braun so touchingly puts it. Under the new version, "national security" now means protecting the United States against not only the threat of attack, sabotage, terrorism, and spying by foreign governments—all of which seem reasonable enough—but against "the conduct of foreign affairs or military policies in opposition to those foreign and military policies of the United States which are intended to protect the United States from the foregoing enumerated actual or potential threats." This, of course, would permit the Postal Service to monitor the mail of any organization that opposes the foreign or military policies of the United States. The new Postal Service regulation is specific to the point of being all-encompassing.

Three years ago, at the height of the congressional investigations into the abuses of the intelligence agencies, such a proposal would have been unthinkable. At the time it was generally

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thought that the disclosure of the various assassination plots, the drug tests, mail openings, wiretaps, buggings, and break-ins would lead to the "meaningful reform" of the intelligence agencies. It now seems clear that those hopes—or, depending on your view, fears—were unwarranted.

The two exceptions to this rule have been the Paton decision (which the government is now attempting to circumvent) and the wiretap bill, which requires the government to demonstrate "probable cause to believe" that a criminal act has been or is about to be committed before it can obtain a warrant to conduct electronic surveillance.

Otherwise the record has been disappointing. In the courts, where the victims of past abuses by the intelligence agencies are now suing the government for damages, the Carter administration has taken a hard line. As Christine M. Marwick writes in the April issue of *First Principles*, the publication of the Center for National Security Studies, "Far from repudiating the past abuses, the Carter Justice Department has continued the Ford policies and is defending the discredited programs by every means possible."

Nor have the prosecutions of former government officials and others accused of committing illegal acts in the name of national security, or of lying about them to Congress, been any more successful. Under the threat of "graymail" the government has dropped cases against former CIA director Richard Helms (although, to be sure, he got a slap on the wrist), ITT president Edward J. Gerrity, Jr., and FBI agent John J. Kearney. And as this article goes to press, it appears likely that the prosecutions of L. Patrick Gray, former director of the FBI, and of two other high-ranking FBI officials, all accused of ordering illegal break-ins, will be dropped for the same reason.

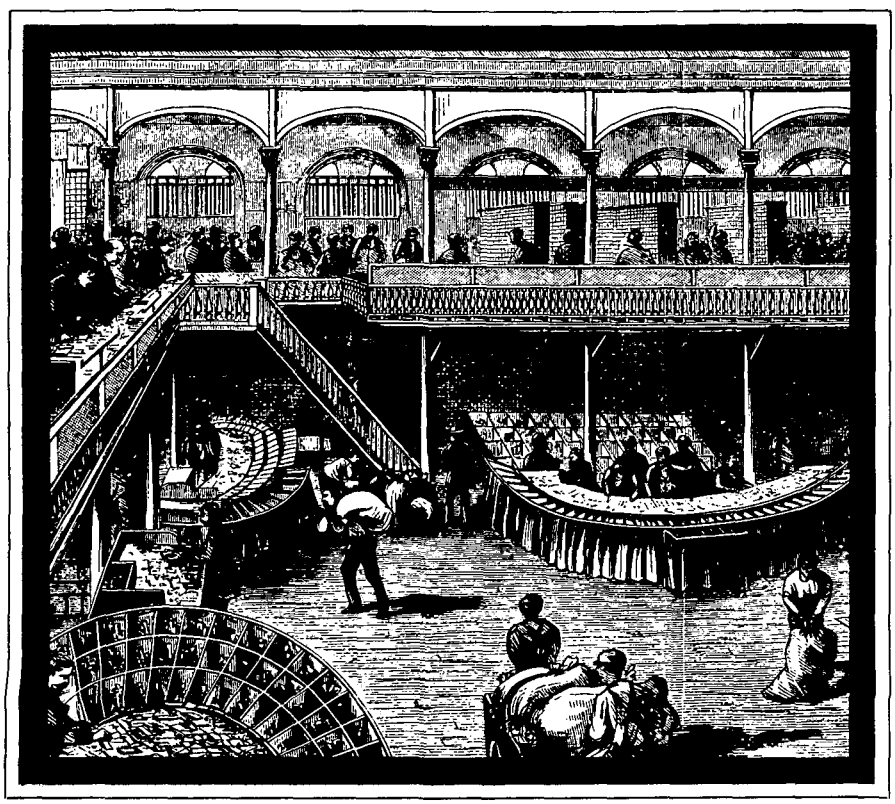
THE CARTER ADMINISTRATION's performance in other areas has been no better. It has proposed an amendment to the Federal Tort Claims Act that would immunize public officials guilty of violating the constitutional rights of citizens from damage suits. Under the proposed amendment, the U.S. government alone would be liable. This would remove a deterrent to illegal acts by government officials. And, of course, it means that the taxpayer would have to pay any damages.

To date, however, the single action of the Carter administration that has caused the greatest distress among those who support intelligence reform has been President Carter's executive order on intelligence, which was issued last January. According to Morton H. Halperin, director of the Center for National Security Studies, "The Order contains the most explicit and far-reaching claim of an inherent presidential right to intrude without a warrant into areas protected by the Fourth Amendment ever stated publicly by an American President."

The executive order actually authorizes the intelligence agencies to conduct wiretapping, break-ins, and mail openings against U.S. citizens without a warrant, if the President makes the request and the attorney general believes that the person to be spied on is "an agent of a foreign power." As Halperin points out, "Since 'agent of a foreign power' is not defined, the label can be applied to people other than foreign espionage agents." If Carter's executive order had been in effect during the Vietnam War, for example, it would have authorized spying on peace groups. It will be remembered that, at the time, government officials felt that the peace movement was directed by a foreign power. Despite the disclosures of the past few years, it seems that nothing much has changed.

The new Postal Service regulation on national-security mail covers is simply another part of a dismal picture. As Jerry Berman of the American Civil Liberties Union describes it, "It is indicative of how this administration is dealing with surveillance issues and with the question of intelligence reform in general." According to Berman, it is also in keeping with the thrust of the long-awaited foreign-intelligence charter, which would permit wholesale spying on Americans overseas and the employment of "less intrusive" surveillance techniques—such as the use of informants, bank records, and mail covers—within the United States.

The charter will, of course, be the subject of extensive public debate. The new Postal Service regulation on mail covers, however, should not be allowed to get lost in the commotion. According to law, the public has thirty days to comment on a regulation after it has been published in the *Federal Register*. At the end of that period, the Postal Service may, depending on the response, decide to proceed as planned with the mail cover operation, or it may decide to chuck the whole thing and raise the first class rate to $1.17. For the moment, however, it seems a good bet that neither sun, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night will stay these couriers from their snooping. ❏



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NAT HENTOFF

Born classified

UNTIL THE UNITED States v. The Progressive, the only time the press (the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*) had been censored on national-security grounds was during the battle over the Pentagon papers. The longer silence was imposed on the *Times*: Fifteen days. From June 15, 1971, when the government first moved to restrain it, until June 30, when the Supreme Court decided, 6 to 3, that what Dan Ellsberg had stolen in the national interest could be published. Said Justice William Brennan, "The First Amendment stands as an absolute bar to the imposition of judicial restraints in circumstances of the kind presented by these cases."

This, however, is a different kind of case, says the government. And already *The Progressive*, first enjoined on March 9 from printing Howard Morland's "The H-bomb Secret: How We Got It, Why We're Telling It," has been censored for much longer than fifteen days and indeed may be prevented from publishing that article for many months to come. And maybe permanently. Arguments will not be heard by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit until June and then, should the Supreme Court decide to review the case, the final decision will not come until the 1979–1980 term.

The government, therefore, has already established a significant precedent. As Floyd Abrams, perhaps the most experienced First Amendment lawyer in the nation, points out, the next time the government moves to suppress a publication, the courts are likely to be unimpressed by the defendant's cries that the case be decided swiftly because of the great violence that would be done to the First Amendment by any attempt at prior restraint. "Well, the courts will say," Abrams notes, "speed can't be all that vital in this kind of case. Look at how long *The Progressive* was unable to publish." That much having been lost—and it is a great deal—even graver dangers remain. If the courts decide against *The Progressive*, the damage to our First Amendment rights—the right to receive as well as to communicate information—will be greater than anything that has ever been inflicted on our foremost freedom. To understand that this is not hyperbole, it is necessary to examine why, as the government says, *The United States* v. *The Progressive* is different from all previous so-called national-security cases.

First, however, a similarity between the current confrontation and that involving the Pentagon papers. In both cases, the government claimed that the act of publication would pose a grave and immediate danger to national security. In 1971, a majority of the Supreme Court declared that the government had failed to show that publication of the Pentagon papers would indeed place the nation in such peril. Only two justices, however—Black and Douglas—held that the press could never be censored. The sense of the rest of the majority was expressed by Potter Stewart, who said that prior restraint might be constitutional some time in the future, but only if the government could specifically prove that the censored material "will surely result in direct, immediate, and irreparable damage to our Nation or its people."

Accordingly, *The Progressive* will strenuously argue that the government cannot meet that test. At this point, we know only the government's public filings of affidavits and arguments. (The rest has been submitted *in camera*, to be seen only by the courts.) Having read all the available court papers and interviewed a good many people with special knowledge of the case, I expect the government is going to have a hard time sustaining this part of its argument. There is no evidence (nor is there likely to be any *in camera*) that Howard Morland stole any "secrets," or that there is a single "secret" in his article. All of it appears to have come from material in the public domain, as well as interviews with scientists, none of whom gave him classified material.

An index of the weakness of the government's position in this regard is the entirely conjectural nature of its public affidavits from Energy Department officials and various nuclear scientists who are funded, one way or another, by the government. Though these statements warn of catastrophe, the actual language is festooned with such words as "if," "highly likely," "could," "there is a risk that." But as Mr. Justice Brennan said in the Pentagon papers case, "the First Amendment tolerates absolutely no prior judicial restraints of the press predicated upon surmise or conjecture." The government has to prove "that publications must inevitably, directly and immediately" cause irreparable damage to the nation.

Could there be some startling surprises in the *in camera* papers? On the basis of my own talks with Morland and much supplementary research, I very much doubt it. And, by the way, the government's credibility as a keeper of "dangerous" secrets is extremely suspect. For instance, only recently have its *in camera* arguments in the Pentagon papers been unsealed, and there is nothing substantial there. As one of the attorneys who carried that fight for the *New York Times* told me recently, "We knew the government had a thin case, but only now can I see how little they actually had to go on." Similarly, when one of the lower-court judges asked the government in 1971 for a list of the ten most destructive secrets in those documents, the government gravely complied. But when that list was later unsealed, it was discovered that every single one of those "secrets" had been published *before* 1971.

NONETHELESS, IN ITS zeal to continue the censorship of *The Progressive*, the government has an ace in the hole—and this is what makes the present case so dangerous to the national interest. That is, the national interest in freedom of the press and the citizenry's right to know about such decidedly crucial matters as nuclear weaponry

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and nuclear energy.

In 1971, several of the High Court justices were critical of the government's case against the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* because the Justice Department was able to show the Court no law by which Congress had authorized restraint of the press in the kind of national-security issues raised by publication of the Pentagon papers. This time, however, the government confidently asserts, there is such a law, and it bears directly on Howard Morland's article because the law deals specifically with nuclear material. What's more, this law clearly includes a section that empowers the attorney general to go after restraining orders, preliminary and permanent injunctions, and other ways of censoring any member of the press that violates the statute.

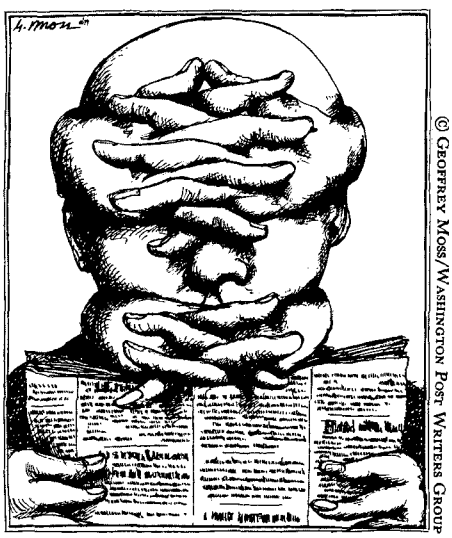
This law, the government's main weapon against *The Progressive*, is the Atomic Energy Act of 1954. I referred to it briefly in the last "First Amendment Watch" [*INQUIRY*, May 14, 1979], but it requires detailed analysis because if the act is declared constitutional in this case, the government will have been given great encouragement to initiate many more prior restraints of the press. The language of the act was unknown to me until I got involved in researching this case, and it was unknown to the editor of *The Progressive* until he was silenced by the statute. I expect that few others, outside of government, know it yet. Even Walter Cronkite, a conscientious newsman, told me he had no sense of what was in the act, and was quite dismayed when I told him.

The Atomic Energy Act states that anyone who—lawfully or unlawfully—has possession of "Restricted Data" is prohibited from "communicating" any of it if he "has reason to believe such data will be utilized to injure the United States or to secure an advantage to any foreign nation."

The term Restricted Data "means all data concerning (1) design, manufacture, or utilization of atomic weapons; (2) the production of special nuclear material; or (3) *the use of special nuclear material in the production of energy*, but shall not include data declassified or removed from the Restricted Data category." (Emphasis added.)

"All data," says the Justice Department, means exactly that. The material does not have to be in government files to be classified. *Anything* to do with these nuclear matters is restricted; it is "classified at birth." Vulnerable to the penalties of the act, therefore, is a journalist who assembles information in the public domain but does it in a way—as the government claims Morland has—that is "new." Or, if a journalist investigating the storing of nuclear weapons were to discover and publish the design of those weapons to show what might trigger an "accident" that could wipe out the countryside, he would be in violation of the Atomic Energy Act.

Only when the government declassifies the data is it safe to write or speak about the information. But there's a



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catch. As *The Progressive*'s lawyers have emphasized, "There are no statutory provisions directing the government to identify publicly information that has been declassified or removed from the proscribed category." No one working in this field, therefore, can ever be sure that he is not harboring Restricted Data, even if his paper or story is based entirely on material in the public domain. The government alone knows what it has declassified and what is unlawful to communicate.

There does seem to be one saving provision—that there will be no prosecution unless the bearer of Restricted Data has "reason to believe" it will be used to harm the United States or give advantage to a foreign nation.

Howard Morland and the editor of *The Progressive* say they never did have any such "reason to believe." Not so, the government answers. After all, officials of the Justice and Energy departments came to them on March 2 of this year and told them that if the article is printed, it "will work to the advantage of other nations." But what if, as was true here, *The Progressive* had reason to believe the government was not telling the truth? Under the First Amendment, is a citizen guilty of criminal behavior because he does not trust his government and thereby refuses to be censored?

As Nathan Lewin, a Washington constitutional lawyer, has pointed out in the *New Republic*, what this part of the Atomic Energy Act actually comes down to is that "the government's warning is a self-fulfilling prophecy: lawful and innocent conduct becomes illegal because government agents tell [someone] that they think his conduct will have bad consequences."

AS IF ALL THIS WERE NOT enough to stifle the First Amendment, there is another consequence of the Atomic Energy Act. Used as a means of censoring publications, the act functions as a system of licensing the press—a process that the framers of the First Amendment precisely intended to abolish. They were vividly mindful of the brutal history in England, and for a time in the colonies, of suppression of the press by licensing. Yet, if *The Progressive* loses, a government myrmidon can appear in the office of a newspaper, magazine, book publisher, scholar, or free-lance writer and command that a scheduled article be destroyed because it has been denied a license under the Atomic Energy Act.

The American Civil Liberties Union, which is defending *The Progressive*'s editor and managing editor, is going to try to demolish these sections of the Atomic Energy Act on grounds of vagueness and "overbreadth." A statute is unconstitutional if its language can be shown to be so unspecific that citizens trying to use their First Amendment rights—as well as officials trying to enforce the law—have no definite notion of what is actually prohibited.

"Overbreadth" means that a statute is unconstitutional if it does not cover only conduct that can constitutionally be controlled. If it is so broad that it also encompasses conduct protected under the First Amendment, the law must fall.

The vagueness of the Atomic Energy Act's censorship provisions is locked into its language. Since the government does not have to disclose what is declassified, a possible violator of the law is in the inescapably perilous position of having no way of knowing

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If the government prevails in its case against* The Progressive, *then we shall all be forced to rely on the word of the government about many matters of nuclear life and death.

what he's forbidden to say or write. At a recent symposium on the magazine's plight at New York's Cooper Union, Howard Morland and Erwin Knoll, editor of *The Progressive*, sometimes found themselves unable to finish an answer to a question because they were at a loss as to whether what they were about to say was prohibited. This is all the more mystifying to them because they insist they don't know any "secrets," at all.

Moreover, as a lawyer for the magazine has argued in a court paper, this censorship by government—which mandates self-censorship—"may go on so long as the secret alleged by the government is in existence. Thus, there is no end until the government decides to publish the information." And Erwin Knoll has told me that now, whenever he starts to edit some other piece on nuclear matters, he's quite uncertain about how much he is able to bring to it out of his own (censored) knowledge of the subject without violating the court's order.

With regard to the Atomic Energy Act's "overbreadth," the ACLU maintains that this law's definition of Restricted Data is "grossly overbroad on its face." For example: "Encyclopedia articles on nuclear weaponry, newspaper articles on Einstein's life and work, historical accounts of the Manhattan Project and the bombs dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, press reports on the deployment of nuclear weapons, debate over limitation on nuclear weapons—all these fall well within the definition."

THE TERM, "CHILLING effect," has been so abused that until now I had declared a personal moratorium on its use; but there is no more appropriate context for it than contemplating what will happen to press coverage of nuclear issues should the Atomic Energy Act be upheld in this case. As an augury, there has been another Howard Morland encounter with this law. In October 1978, through his former congressman, Ronald Dellums, Morland submitted thirteen questions to the Department of Energy. What he was trying to find out was whether a nuclear reactor in Aiken, South Carolina, which had been shut down, was going to be started up again. Also, he was concerned about whether a new plutonium-uranium extraction plant was to be built in Hanford, Washington.

As a citizen and as a journalist, Morland believed that if what he suspected was accurate, taxpayers should know about the enormous costs. Furthermore, since this nation already has, says Morland, some 30,000 H-bombs, what is the justification for stockpiling even more nuclear materials for weapons manufacture?

Congressman Dellums's staff got back answers to two of the thirteen questions, and were instructed by the Department of Energy that not only were the answers to the others classified, but so were the remaining questions. Under the Atomic Energy Act. When Morland came by to get his questions back, he was told he couldn't have them. They were locked in the office safe.

Soon after the "accident" at Three Mile Island, a 24-year-old woman, pregnant, was asked by a *New York Times* reporter how she felt about the risks of radiation from the nuclear power station there. "I've never thought about it," she said. "We don't really know that much about it. People don't know what radiation is. You just have to take the government's word that it's safe."

If the government prevails over *The Progressive*, we shall all have to take the government's word about many matters of nuclear life and death.

Present estimates of *The Progressive*'s legal fees to preserve the First Amendment are $250,000. (There are other lawyers involved besides the ACLU, and in any case, considerable ancillary expenditures go with a long court battle.) Anyone desirous of driving a stake through the heart of the Orwellian notion of "Born Classified" can add to the legal defense fund by writing *The Progressive*, 408 West Gorham Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703.

DISPATCH

ARNOLD LEVINSON

Nicaraguan showdown

EVER SINCE PRESIDENT Franklin Roosevelt installed the first Somoza in 1933, the United States has played a major role in maintaining that Nicaraguan dynasty, building up a legacy of bitterness and suspicion on the part of the opposition. Despite the Carter administration's recent, cautious withdrawal of support from Anastasio Somoza, the Nicaraguan left predicts continued and sinister U.S. involvement. The Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN), for example, has announced its fear that the United States is conspiring with army officials to remove Somoza in a coup, but leave intact the Somoza-style regime and the National Guard—"Somocism without Somoza," as the FSLN calls it. Conservative Nicaraguans, on the other hand, appear to be still hoping for the United States to do something—even to send the marines, who installed the elder Somoza, to take out his son. As the head of a Nicaraguan bottling factory put it, "The United States have sort of pulled out . . . they have gone so far in pressures . . . but I mean it's kind of late. It takes a little more, or maybe a lot more on their part . . ."

If State Department officials who handle Nicaragua can be believed, that "lot more" will not be coming soon. The days of involvement, they say, are over, let the chips fall where they may. But a State Department desk officer for Nicaragua, Dan Welter, confirmed that everything possible is being done to avoid a takeover by the armed Sandinistas. "It's not a desirable solution in our view," he said

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recently of the guerrilla Front: "They're a Marxist-Leninist organization, and I think we have enough experience in the hemisphere to know what that would mean in Nicaragua." But Nicaraguan observers from many political quarters disagree.

The Sandinistas took their name from General Augusto César Sandino, a Nicaraguan patriot who died trying to keep the senior Somoza from taking power in the thirties. Although the group drew inspiration from the Cuban revolution, and is led in the main by Marxists, its dominant faction, the Insurrectionals, is broadly based: Its membership includes many Christians, social democrats, and children of the Nicaraguan upper class.

Only the U.S. State Department and Somoza supporters seem to fear that participation of Communists will lead to their dominating the opposition. A disaffected ex-lieutenant colonel in Somoza's own National Guard recently told a *New York Times* correspondent that "Somoza is no more democratic than the Sandinistas are communist." And in neighboring Costa Rica, within one of the most free-enterprise–oriented and pro-U.S. governments in Latin America, José Rafael Cordero, Minister of the Presidency, is equally dubious about the red menace theory. "The great misgiving of the State Department is that another Cuba might emerge in Nicaragua, and this scares them. They don't view the alternative [to Somoza] with sympathy, because they consider Somoza's enemies to be communists, which is clearly true in part, but in part is not. Somoza uses this very well in his propaganda. . . . Thus he has confused being anti-Somocist with being communist, which is totally false. . . . I think it's a struggle without partisan colors."

Nevertheless, Carter's policy seems to run lukewarm. Withdrawing the Peace Corps, a four-man military advisory group, and a part of the embassy staff are less convincing gestures than withdrawing the ambassador, which the British did in March because of "some concern over the human rights situation." Although American ambassador Mauricio Solaún spent nearly two months in Washington before he resigned for "personal reasons," Carter has nominated a successor. The present ambassador to Uruguay, Lawrence A. Pezzullo, has been named to the position. Pezzullo went to Uruguay with a reputation for toughness on human rights issues, but members of the Washington Office on Latin America, which is supported by liberal church groups, are distressed because they think that Pezzullo has showed more interest in improving Uruguay's image than its human rights performance.

CARTER'S ECONOMIC moves have done little more to win him favor with the opposition. Although he cut off about $10 million in economic aid and froze future aid appropriations, he left intact $30 million in loans already "in the pipeline," prompting many observers to speculate that Carter's Nicaragua policy is hobbled by mounting domestic criticism of his overall foreign policy. The Panama Canal treaties, normalization of relations with China, and the "loss" of Iran are all being held against Carter by conservative legislators; Somoza's congressional friends such as Representatives Charles Wilson of Texas and John Murphy of New York are threatening to give the canal treaties a rough time unless Carter backs away from a showdown with Somoza. The result seems to be a policy that moves back and forth, provoking little more than derision and bluster from Somoza and disenchantment from even pro-U.S. Nicaraguan leaders. As one Conservative party leader there sees it, "When the United States decided to help out the Cuban invasion [at the Bay of Pigs], they pulled out the air support at the last minute. Here it was the same. The mediation came, creating great expectations. Everybody thought that Somoza was through, you know. Then the mediation left and Somoza stayed in."

If faith in the United States is on the decline in Nicaragua, so is the economy, the source of Somoza's power. Dr. Edmundo Jarquín, an economist there, recently described the economy as afflicted by "a crisis of confidence. . . . The money arising from exports," he explained, "is staying out of the country. . . . Thus unemployment is growing enormously, with businesses closing or operating below capacity. Credit is lacking, circulation is lacking.

"If the crisis lasts much longer, it will have negative consequences on the economic structure itself in the medium run. . . . This year," Jarquín predicted in conclusion, "the agro-export economy will function very badly, in such a way that next year, the government will have a crisis of economic stability."

This possibility threatens the future of the Somoza government. Foreign dollar reserves have dwindled to almost nothing, the foreign debt is being serviced irregularly, and currency is being printed with no backing, which fuels the already high inflation rate. National capital continues to flee the country, and international capital has been hesitant, waiting to see whether Somoza will collapse. In a move designed to make investment more attractive to the international business community and the International Monetary Fund (IMF), the Nicaraguan central bank recently devalued the cordoba by 43 percent, the first devaluation in more than thirty years. The measure was probably recommended by an IMF team that recently visited Nicaragua to decide whether to grant a government request for $40 million in standby credit—the most a government can seek from the IMF.

The IMF loan, if granted, might help reestablish confidence within private banking circles, but it would not go far toward alleviating the enormous debt pressure that Nicaragua faces: It owes $88 million this year to private banks alone. Moreover, if past experience is any rule, the money would simply disappear into the pockets of Somoza and his cronies after being laundered through state development banks to support fictitious projects. By thus mortgaging the country's future, Somoza has built a family fortune of hundreds of millions of dollars while pushing the majority of the country farther and farther to the wall. Even before the 1972 earthquake that leveled Managua, and before the recent disruptive insurrections, half the people earned an average of $90 per year. Of every 1000 infants born, 130 live less than a year. In this nation where half the population works in agriculture, two percent of the farmers own half—the more fertile half—of the arable land. Somoza understandably has few friends among the Nicaraguan people.

WHILE THE SOMOZA government gropes for a helping hand to save it from doom, civilian opposition forces have moved into two main camps. The Broad Opposition Front (FAO), called "center-to-right" by most observers, coexists uneasily with the new, "left" National Patriotic Front (FPN). Ac-

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tually, use of political terms like "left" and "center-to-right" is misleading; the FAO includes a fraction of the Moscow-oriented Nicaraguan Socialist party, and the FPN includes groupings of the Social-Christian and Independent Liberal parties. A more accurate dividing line might be drawn in terms of the U.S. embassy: FAO leaders still maintain good relations with U.S. officials in Managua and hope for further U.S. action against Somoza, while the FPN owes its existence largely to many Nicaraguans' angry opposition to U.S.-sponsored mediation talks with Somoza, which were seen as "intervention" and "talks with the butcher," according to some FPN leaders. Many groups once affiliated with the FAO have since defected to the FPN because of dissatisfaction with the FAO's reluctance to move independently of the State Department.

The FPN has as its nucleus the United People's Movement (MPU), a coalition of student, labor, church, women's, and youth groups, some of them affiliated with the Sandinista Front. The Patriotic Front also includes the Group of Twelve, among them several businessmen, a writer, a priest, and other professionals who follow the Sandinista line. FAO members describe the FPN variously as "a bunch of radicals" and "U.S.-haters" or "a coalition with varied politics." One conservative FAO leader said recently, "There is not much difference between the program of the FAO and the program of the Patriotic Front. There are two basic differences . . . they state that they want to create a popular army, the people's army. . . . Also, they have in their program the expropriation of all the Somoza properties, which we don't have in our program—but which is something that can be done without having it in a program."

The Patriotic Front, like the Sandinistas, is more adamant than the FAO in opposing "Somocism," the political system that includes Somoza's Liberal Party and the National Guard. It is also more insistent in calling for genuinely equal U.S.-Nicaragua relations under any new government, but the two civilian fronts have worked together in the past.

Relations between the FPN and the FAO were badly strained in March, after Sandinista combat units burned tens of tons of cotton and destroyed farming machinery, under the slogan "No more currency for Somoza." The FAO issued a statement criticizing "violent extremes" but was careful not to name the Sandinistas in its condemnation; in fact, the statement included a call for "major political dynamism" to unite "important business sectors" with "the groups which have chosen the heroic road of armed struggle against the tyranny."

Privately, some FAO leaders expressed regret that the statement did not openly criticize the Sandinistas, saying that "a firm, logical and brave position" would have gained more respect for the FAO. But caution won out, probably because of the enormous respect that the Sandinista Front enjoys among the people. In any case, the Sandinistas soon stopped attacking non-Somoza property, and leaders of the civilian coalitions claimed that the groups could and would act jointly again. Their determination to minimize their differences probably explains the meeting that took place at the end of April to discuss the possibility of another national strike.

*THE SANDINISTAS, MEAN*while, appear to have overcome some of their internal conflicts and have tightened their ranks. As *guerrilleros* they had been split for several years. One faction, the GPP, had argued for a prolonged people's war and the formation of a peasant-based army in the countryside; the other group, the Proletarios, argued that the working class should be the basis of any revolution, and should be politically educated before successful military action could be mounted. Both groups initially rejected attempts by their leadership to mediate the split, so the leadership formed a third, now dominant faction, the Insurrectionals, or Terceristas. By last February the three groups called for united action, and in March they at last announced their decision to join together and adopt a common directorship.

The Sandinistas were clearly inspired initially by the Cuban revolution, and the GPP and Proletario have maintained rigid Marxist-Leninist positions, but the nondoctrinaire Insurrectionals have become the largest and most broadly based grouping of the three. Their program calls for the replacement of the Somoza regime by a government representative of all anti-Somoza forces, the disbandment of Somoza's National Guard, and the nationalization of all Somoza property.

The military strategy of the newly unified Sandinista leadership is not yet clear. In taking the town of Estelí during Holy Week, the guerrilla forces showed off their greatly increased numbers and the heavier weight of their weaponry, downing two Nicaraguan planes in battle. It was unprecedented for them to commit 200 well-disciplined combatants in the week-long battle for the town. But given the superior firepower of the National Guard, the Sandinistas will probably continue their strategy of "strangulation"—sniping away at guard outposts in the countryside in hopes that the officers will have to leave their outlying quarters for more central posts. Attacks on urban guard stations and bank robberies will undoubtedly continue, and the possibility of other insurrections cannot be discounted. The many armed assaults and robberies now being carried out by private citizens in the name of the Sandinistas will probably increase as the unemployment crisis deepens.

Sandinista spokesman and priest Ernesto Cardenal calls the present Sandinista budget "nearly like that of a government," both in size and scope: Expenditures range from arms and ammunition to food, housing, and international phone calls. The Sandinista program, Cardenal argues, offers no threat to the United States, "neither [their] political nor economic interests . . . because the program of the Sandinista Front, which is the furthest left of the future government programs, contemplates the nationalization of only Somoza's property and that of the principal Somocists—because they stole it from the people—but not the socialization of other private property in Nicaragua."

Presently in Iran at the invitation of the Ayatollah Khomeini, Cardenal earlier denied any Sandinista ties to Cuba, saying, "We haven't wanted any help from Cuba because it's not suitable. We don't want to give this pretext to the government of the United States. . . . We have to be careful not to ask for arms, not from Cuba nor from any other socialist country." And a Christian combatant in the Front echoed Cardenal's point: "What the U.S. fears is another Cuba. . . . They're afraid, and they're on the wrong side. Somoza's dead, historically dead, and they don't have anyone to replace him, and they don't trust us. But they have to realize that we don't want [to be] another Cuba, but just the first Nicaragua." ❑

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THE RISE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by Edmund Morris. Coward, McCann, and Geoghegan, 886 pp., $15.95.

The making of a bully boy

WALTER LAFEBER

AFTER AN ARGUMENT with a girlfriend, twenty-year-old Theodore Roosevelt went home and shot dead the neighbor's dog. When TR killed his first buffalo, he, in the words of Edmund Morris, "abandoned himself to complete hysteria," dancing around the carcass and "whooping and shrieking while his guide watched in stolid amazement." The performance was repeated years later when Roosevelt celebrated shooting his first Spaniard in the war of 1898. After an argument with President Benjamin Harrison, a frustrated "Teethadore," as he was known, declared himself "especially hot for bear," jumped on a westward-bound train, and went off to kill a huge grizzly. When he was not doing the killing, Roosevelt lovingly wrote about it. In his *History of the City of New York*, TR expressed pleasure that thirty men were shot to death in the Civil War draft riots as an "admirable object-lesson to the remainder." He justified the slaughter of Indians, for their life was only "a few degrees less meaningless, squalid, and ferocious than that of the wild beasts."

Roosevelt continues to be considered as one of the great Americans. Indeed, according to *Time* magazine's rhapsodic review of Morris's biography, "He was America." Scholars rank TR among the half-dozen greatest Presidents—ironically, alongside Jefferson, whom Roosevelt hated because the "helpless" Virginian fought Hamilton's centralized government and refused to go into a suicidal war against England. Mark Twain, at least, would have disagreed with these recent judgments: After meeting Roosevelt twice, Twain declared him "clearly insane . . . and insanest upon war and its supreme glories."

This biography of nearly nine hundred pages follows Roosevelt's life only to September 1901, when he suddenly became President after William McKinley's assassination. Its writing and research make this the best account we have. The book's primary importance, however, lies in Morris's ability to give fact after fact with few editorial judgments; he encourages us to make up our own minds about Roosevelt. Morris forces us to confront not only Roosevelt the reformer, author of thirty-eight volumes, and Western hero; but also Roosevelt as shrieker, imperialist, machine politician, and killer. It then becomes possible to say, if TR "was America," what kind of country it was.

The book becomes a valuable, if overly narrow, looking glass. In most of its parts, the mirror is well constructed. Morris's sensitive account of TR's remarkable father helps explain much about the son, particularly when the author notes that Theodore senior's refusal to fight in the Civil War perhaps led Theodore junior to clear the family name by proving his bravery in war. Morris suggests that TR's confrontation with grizzly bears nine feet tall, or with an apparently impenetrable Spanish fortification atop San Juan Hill during the 1898 war, acted as a catharsis for a man whose desire to kill was abnormal, even in those days of lynch mobs and frontier shoot-outs. Roosevelt seldom questioned the morality of such acts. He believed "Justice was justice," Morris writes, " 'because I [Roosevelt] did it.' "

The egotism matured at Harvard. He might have stood only nineteenth in his class, but "only one gentleman stands ahead of me." Roosevelt's modest reform impulse developed because "I intended to be one of the governing class" in order to save that elite from the more dangerous reforms of William Jennings Bryan and Eugene Debs. Parading publicly as a man of the people, he privately called public opinion "the

BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY

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voice of the devil, or what is still worse, the voice of a fool." These self-characterizations make Roosevelt more than merely an interesting fellow to read about: Such moral views, snobbery, and elitism explain why Speaker of the House Joe Cannon remarked that, as President, Roosevelt had "no more use for the Constitution than a tomcat has for a marriage license."

In addition to making us understand this, Morris provides a haunting picture of the Badlands during the 1880s and raw insights into New York City corruption of the 1890s, while reminding us that Roosevelt mastered both environments. TR performed this feat with what was "essentially a boy's mind," in the words of a contemporary. If Roosevelt the killer appears as one theme, then Roosevelt the eternal six year old is another. His "peculiar attraction and fascination," Mrs. Bellamy Storer recalled, "lay in the fact that he was like a child; with a child's spontaneous outbursts of affection, of fun, and of anger; and with the brilliant brain and fancy of a child."

It was a dangerous combination, one that appeared, for example, in what Morris calls "the first great speech of his career." Speaking in 1897 as assistant secretary of the navy, Roosevelt proclaimed that "no triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumphs of war." He understood that teachers and artists were necessary to civilized society, but at times "education merely serves to soften the fiber" of men, and only those "who have dared greatly in war, or the work which is akin to war," deserved praise from their countrymen. While Roosevelt's maturity might be a fit subject of study for Dr. Spock, his public policy more closely resembles that of the Committee on the Present Danger.

MORRIS MASTERFULLY traces the story until TR is about to appear as a leading national figure in the mid-1890s. Morris then loses control. Roosevelt is pulled out of his historical context, and Morris constricts our view until only the main character, not the stage, is visible. We learn about Roosevelt's battle in Cuba almost step by step, but little or nothing about America's new policy in the Pacific that helped push the country into war against Spain, the struggle over annexation of the Philippines (a debate in which TR loudly participated), the economic depression that shaped the years from 1893 to 1898, or the socioeconomic divisions that formed U.S. foreign policy between 1897 and 1900. Morris's description of McKinley is taken from Roosevelt's contemptuous remark that the President did not have "the backbone of a chocolate éclair," despite the last twenty years of historical research that has shown McKinley to be firmly in control and master of the manipulators he named to his administration.

Most remarkably, Morris has not examined the relationship between Roosevelt and Brooks Adams. Just before becoming assistant secretary of the navy, TR reviewed Adams's *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, which argued that the United States was approaching the turning point in its history: Unless the nation mobilized behind a warrior type, the center of world power, which Adams believed was about to shift from England to the United States, would instead move across Europe and toward Russia. TR privately thought Brooks "unhinged," but he took the analysis seriously enough to form a close friendship with Adams and later bring him into the White House as an unofficial adviser.

Roosevelt saw the war of 1898 as a personal challenge, but he also interpreted it as the critical turn in his nation's history. It decided nothing less, in his opinion, than the future of Western civilization.

Unfortunately, Morris has not examined that context. At the climactic point when the hero is about to vindicate himself (and perhaps his father) with more killing, the nation's history is pushed to the background. McKinley and other officials, excluding TR of course, appear merely as victims of external circumstances. But as Albert Weinberg wrote four decades ago regarding the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, the President and his advisers "were about as much the marionettes of external events as is the energetic individual who decides upon, plans, and carries out the robbery of a bank."

Morris has contented himself with giving us a smaller looking glass. If we see Roosevelt as an admirable character who "was America," then it is truly a time for serious national self-examination. The last resurrection of TR's reputation occurred in the 1950s when a Roosevelt boom produced a dozen important biographies, an eight-volume set of letters, innumerable articles and dissertations, and a cover story in *Time* that depicted the Rough Rider as the ultimate Cold Warrior. Before Morris's biography starts another round of using TR as the historical justification for larger defense budgets and standing firm against what he called the "savages" of Africa, let us hope for a closer look in a larger mirror. Let us also hope that in his next volume, on the Presidential years, Morris examines the supporting cast and historical backdrop as perceptively as he does the central character. ❏

JAKE'S THING, by Kingsley Amis. Viking Press, 276 pp., $9.95.

Postmodern malaise

ANTHONY BURGESS

*JAKE IS JAQUES RICHARD*son, a lecturer at the University of Oxford in Early Mediterranean History. His thing is many things. It is his inability to effect the lawful act of copulation with his wife; it is the fleshly implement wherewith such acts are, as a general rule, conducted; it is his attitude to the modern world, his senescent philosophy (he is getting on for sixty); it is the complex of medical and psychological devices employed to rehabilitate his failed libido. The contemporary use of the word *thing* to designate a thing, or number of things, that call for more exact nomenclature, is just one symptom of Jake's thing. There used to be a world of sharp particularities, in which people did not melt into a kind of jeaned, afro'd, junk-consuming universal; in which emotional constellations called *love* were possible; in which there was elegance, complexity, values. Early Mediterranean History presumably provided a world of sharp appetites and Duns Scotan selves and inscapes.

The plastic has entered Jake's soul so far that he teaches his subject merely for a sort of living, has reached the stage of regarding articles in Sunday

Among ANTHONY BURGESS's recent books is 1985, *published by Little, Brown.*

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color supplements as adequate source material, and sees the remainder of his life as a space to be filled up with technologico-pornographic paperbacks and James Bond films on ITV. And wine too, vintage stuff when he can afford it; no plonk for him. But, at the end, even wine is forbidden. The doctor says:

"You've kept to your diet?"
"Pretty well. I've laid off the fruit and the spices but I have backslid a couple of times with the wine."
"You must cut it out altogether. You've passed no blood or mucus or anything of that character or nature?"
"No, nothing of that category or description."

The book is appallingly funny. The average American reader may consider that the appallingness has been contrived to bring about the funniness, but there is no contrivance. England is really as Amis presents it; indeed, a year has gone by since the book was written, and it has become even more so. London, for instance, is territory occupied by forces affluent, if not actively hostile:

As one who did what doctors said while still rather looking down on them, he decided to walk to Warren Street and catch a 127 bus instead of taking a taxi. That in any case wouldn't have been as easy as winking in this area. No sooner had one black, brown or yellow person, or groups of such, been set down on the pavement than Americans, Germans, Spaniards were taken up and vice versa. It was just after four o'clock on a fine afternoon early in April. Jake lengthened his stride and crossed the road in front of a double-parked car, large, black and with CD plates. An unmistakable witch-doctor, in equally manifest need of outside help, was doing his best to alight from it.

England is poor, but London wine stores seem to be full of men in very dirty overalls smoking cigars and paying for cases of Jack Daniels Green Label with rolls of very dirty notes. The bookstalls are crammed with pornography. That sex has failed with Jake is less a calamity than an imputation of sin. His physician sends him to a dwarf psychiatrist called Dr. Rosenberg, who speaks with a Dublin accent. After the attachment of wires to Jake's thing and the recording of nocturnal elevations on a sort of seismic drum, it is to pornography that Jake is ordered to go. He has to buy magazines called *Come*, *Jism*, and so on, and masturbate in their presence. He has to write an erotic fantasy of six hundred words. Finally, he has to engage in group therapy with social, rather than sexual, misfits. But what, nowadays, is the difference?

The accounts of these group sessions are excruciating. They sound so impossible that they must be real. Jake has to strip and be looked at. There are therapeutic outbursts of rage and floods of tears from patients who are merely generally unhappy. There is a country-house weekend session at which one of the patients—a decent young girl who, quite rightly, has a sexual fixation on older men—attempts suicide. Then Jake wants out, and he gives Dr. Rosenberg the works. This, for instance:

"And while we're on 'society' let me remind you of something you said to me . . . about repressive attitudes making me feel sexually unrelaxed. Repressive? In 1977? I was doing fine when things really were repressive, if they ever were, it's only since they've become, oh, permissive that I've had trouble. In the old days a lot of people, men as well as women, didn't know quite what to expect of sex so they didn't worry when it didn't work too well. Now everybody knows exactly what's required of them and exactly how much they've fallen short down to the last millimetre and second and drop, which is frightfully relaxing for them. No wonder you boys have got enough trade."

Jake talks sense, but it doesn't prevent him from being wrong. He must be wrong if his wife leaves him and goes off with the next-door bore. He must be absolutely wrong if, at the age of sixty, he decides he's done with women. He doesn't have to be. His physician has discovered that the restoration of Jake's sexuality is, after all, a simple matter of juggling with the testosterone level. But Jake does "a quick run-through of women in his mind . . . their selective sensitivity to tones of voice, their unawareness of the difference in themselves between sincerity and insincerity . . . their exaggerated estimate of their own plausibility, their never listening and lots of other things like that, all according to him." So it's quite easy for him to say, "No, thanks," and bring the story to an end.

A LOT OF PROGRESSIVE women are going to be very unhappy with Jake. They will have no right to be unhappy with Amis, since he remains outside his own creation, paring his nails. He tips no scales in either direction in judgment on the rights and wrongs of the eternal sex war. Jake has had a lot of women in his time, but he doesn't want them any more. He doesn't really like women. There are a lot of women who don't really like men, and we all say: Fine, everyone to her taste. But it's a law of God for men to like, indeed idolize, women: It's built into the Early Mediterranean constitution. Jake's thing is a terrible thing.

But Jake really, and even a reasonable woman reader may have to admit this, is honest, bullied, put upon. It's not a question of liking or disliking. This is what intelligent, decent men of the modern age have been turned into. It's not just a matter of sex. It's a matter of abdication of the responsibility to sustain a set of civilized traditions that, despite the occasional Inquisition and War of Religion, sustained the West for two millennia and more. Jake has a girl student—jeaned, nubile—who, even when MEDITERRANEAN is already spelled out for her on the examination paper, still spells it wrong. And she doesn't care. It doesn't matter.

Jake's Thing joins hands with the first novel Amis published, back in the 1950s: That was *Lucky Jim*, a lighthearted book about a university lecturer who cared as little for Medieval as Jake does for Early Mediterranean. All Jim wanted was a couple of pints of beer a night and a few cigarettes, and perhaps enough money to take a girl out occasionally: Earnest British socialism, committed to austerity and progress, denied him even those minima. Jake's world, though still socialist, is worse than Jim's, for it enforces modes of pleasure; and how thin and insubstantial and ultimately pointless those pleasures are. Jim at least hopes for better things and, in fact, gets them: a decent little job in London and a high-class girl. Jake hopes for nothing. He is filling in his life with the highest-class junk he can get: a well-made James Bond and a Côte de Nuits-Villages 1971. The bulldozers are at work and the highrises are rising and the world is going to hell. Let it. This desperately funny book is desperately grim.

A word about Amis's prose style. There are unenlightened critics about who think that novels should be written, like Whig history books, in a lapidary and elegantly periodic manner. Novels cannot be written like that (as Joyce told us fifty-seven years ago), since they have to present the chaotic, half-realized flux of the human sensibility. Amis's prose is exactly matched to Jake's impressions of the exterior world. It is also exactly matched to Jake's impressions of other people's impressions of the exterior world. He

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sees a TV film called *The Brass Golem* and reconstructs in his mind the script conference at which the producer outlines the story to his colleagues:

". . . Got this guy made of like brass, see, buried somewheres for a coon's age, okay, comes like an earthquake or explosion or whatever, right, anyways he done get gotten dug up, see, this old like parchment says any motherfucker digs me up gets to done get gotten fucked up good, okay, he fucks up three-four guys around, right, chases the last guy into somewhere fucking hot, see, now the brass guy done gotten oil like instead of blood, okay, so *he* gets to done gotten fucked up, right, Zeke and Zack get on it right away, see, they don't get to done get gotten done it by tomorrow, they lose their asses, okay . . ."

That kind of speech never (well, hardly ever) existed on sea or land, but who cares? For that matter, it is hard to imagine a fold-in or fold-out or cut-up or whatever the fuck it is *Playboy* yah that's it centerfold pornograph with President Carter's face. Jake has to fold that under before grasping the meat firmly. He is not yet wholly corrupted.

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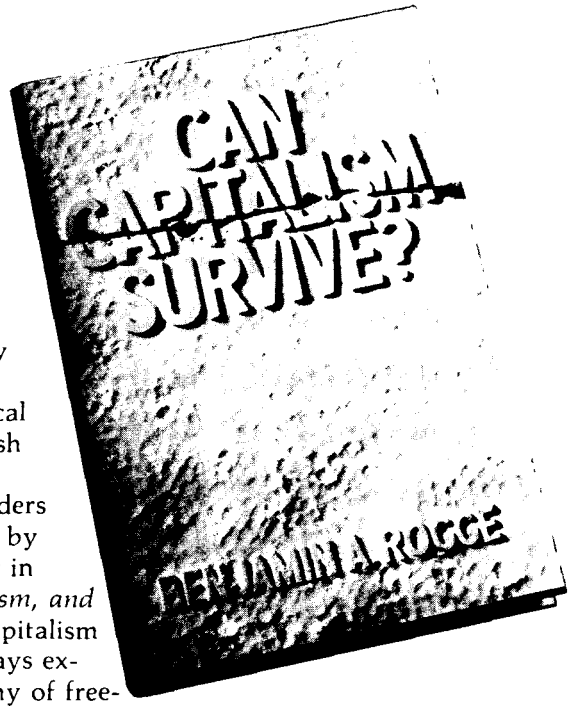

Can Capitalism Survive?
By Benjamin A. Rogge

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LOVERS OF THEIR TIME and Other Stories, by William Trevor. Viking Press, 279 pp., $10.95.

DA VINCI'S BICYCLE, Ten Stories, by Guy Davenport. Johns Hopkins University Press, 186 pp., $12.95.

Vive la différence

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

OURS IS AN AGE OF PUFFERY—the nonstop hype inducing a proper cynicism—and so readers not yet familiar with the work of Guy Davenport or William Trevor may be pardoned if they look skeptically at the encomia that garland their new collections. We are told on the jacket of *Lovers of Their Time* that "William Trevor's new book of stories scarcely needs the praise of a publisher when his last, *Angels at the Ritz*, was described by Graham Greene as 'surely one of the best collections, if not the best, since James Joyce's *Dubliners*.' " And on the jacket of *Da Vinci's Bicycle*: " 'How many writers today will outlast the century?' asks John Gardner in *On Moral Fiction*. 'Guy Davenport,' he answers, will be one 'if sheer precision and uncompromising artistry count.' " Praise of such an order must daunt the mere reviewer, whose preordained role would seem to require no more than a mere "Amen and get thee to a bookstore." Obviously a writer can't be held responsible for the extravagances of his admirers; but having read these superb and so dramatically contrasting collections, one can understand why their authors should have been received with such generosity and enthusiasm.

The difference is everything. Seldom can one have—thanks to the fortuitous publication of the two books within weeks of each other—a more pointed demonstration of the immense range of possibilities and traditions open to the writers of the story, that open-ended, inexhaustible form; even now, when it might seem that every possibil-

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS is a contributing editor of INQUIRY and the editor of the O. Henry Prize Stories *annual.*

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ity, every tradition, had been explored and exploited, "used and reused to the mystical moment of dullness."

Alike only in their individual excellence, Trevor and Davenport are otherwise at opposite poles in the traditions from which they spring, in the theory or philosophy of fiction to which they adhere, and, transposing down from theory to practice, in the stories they write—or *don't* write. ("I don't write stories," says Davenport, preferring to call his, "assemblages of history and necessary fiction.")

Of the two, Trevor's work is the more immediately recognizable, and accessible: He belongs, one might say, to the tradition of the traditional, not in any retrograde or limiting fashion, but because it is the tradition that serves his gift best. He draws instinctively upon the properties it makes available to the writer and responds to the conditions it imposes upon him. Here are characters in a narrative (or story) whose lives are gradually disclosed, as it were naturally but at the writer's design, moving to a conclusion at once revelatory and surprising; and Trevor's aim is to make his characters as lifelike, his narrative as credible, as he possibly can. Lifelikeness is all, and the suspension of disbelief is crucial to his achievement. The proof of his success, and what has won him much praise, is that what he intends and what he achieves almost always coincide.

Trevor's characters are ordinary people to whom ordinary things happen. In "Lovers of Their Time," for example, Norman, a clerk in a travel agency, mildly unhappy in his marriage, falls in love with Marie, a girl who works in a neighboring shop. They meet when he buys emery boards and a tube of toothpaste from her. (" 'Colgate's, remember' his wife called out as he was leaving the flat, 'The last stuff we had tasted awful.' ") So it begins—it is 1963, and people are still singing Elvis Presley songs—and it goes on touchingly, wanly, year by year, eventually even to an "affair" (and people are singing the Beatles' songs) consummated mostly in the bathroom of a Railway Hotel, and ends in no noble, self-sacrificing conclusion, only a sad, inevitable drifting away. It is all of a commonplaceness, a drab lifelikeness, and yet how compelling it becomes, in part because of Trevor's mastery of minute particulars, but even more because he refuses to patronize or sentimentalize Norman or Marie . . . it is England in the swinging 1960s, but the effect is oddly, hauntingly Chekhovian. (I mean this, need I say, as the highest possible compliment.)

ORDINARY PEOPLE," "ORDINARY situations." The test for the writer who is committed to them is how he illumines the commonplace. Moving up the scale socially from "Lovers of Their Time," consider "Torridge"—Trevor is, after all, Anglo-Irish, and in England, where he lives, social discriminations are still the stuff of fiction, as they have been since Jane Austen. "Torridge" launches itself as an ordinary story of life at a public school, moving gradually to the comedy of adolescent crushes and passions—the sort of thing "all boys do" and "all boys grow out of"—with the younger boys as "bijous" and the older boys as their protectors. It is a subject that has served countless English writers in the past, too commonplace, one would think, to be resuscitated. Yet Trevor does so brilliantly. He moves his old boys forward into middle age, to their marriages and jobs and mild alcoholism and memories of the great days at school, to an ironic, hilarious conclusion that would have been worthy of Maugham, if Maugham had had the courage—and the high spirits—to write it.

Chekhov, Maugham, Joyce: Comparisons occur. But Trevor is at a point now where he will himself serve as a standard. In the future that John Gardner writes of for Davenport, Trevor may well have a place too as a storyteller of our time, and that is no small achievement.

WHICH BRINGS US ROUND to the beautiful, astonishing, enigmatic assemblages of *Da Vinci's Bicycle*. To come to this book from *Lovers of Their Time* is to enter into another country altogether, for Davenport belongs to the tradition of the modernists, that heroic line that ended with the death of Ezra Pound.

Here lifelikeness becomes a kind of absurdity. "The Richard Nixon Freischütz Rag" introduces us, in a set of masterly juxtapositions, to Richard Nixon in China, on the occasion of his historic state visit; and to Leonardo da Vinci in Florence, inventing the bicycle and beguiling the youthful Salai (his bijou, to use the terminology of Trevor's schoolboys); and to Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, as young women in love, in the fields below Assisi; and then, back to Mao's China again and public fatuity.

Davenport writes with a sculptured precision (when needed) and a lyric excitement (when needed)—as a master of style he is worthy of his own master, Ezra Pound, whose influence is everywhere in the shaping of these assemblages.

> On the Great Ten Thousand Li Wall, begun in the wars of the Spring and Autumn to keep the Mongols who had been camping nearer and nearer the Yan border from riding in hordes on their przhevalskis into the cobbled streets and ginger gardens of the Middle Flower kingdom, Richard Nixon said:
>
> —I think you would have to conclude that this is a great wall.

Davenport tells us that his characters have "the instinct to forage," and Nixon, rather like a donkey, foraging in China, has his heehaw, setpiece interjections:

> —That's got to be a good poem, Richard Nixon said.
> —Poem by Chairman Mao, Comrade Tang offered.
> —He wrote that? Richard Nixon asked. Made it up?
> —At hard pass over Mountain Lu, Marshal Yeh said. Long March. February 1935.
> —My! but that's interesting, Richard Nixon said. Really, really interesting.

And in his final appearance—after the lyric outpouring that makes the private episode between Gertrude and Alice so magical—we hear the world's free-shooter (or the free world's shooter) in public with Chairman Mao:

> —The world is watching us, Richard Nixon said.
> —You mean Taiwan, Chairman Mao said.
> —No, Richard Nixon said, beaming, the world out there, the whole world. They are watching their TV sets. Chairman Mao grinned and leaned back in his comfortable armchair.
> —Ah so, he said, the world.

Davenport has abandoned conventional narrative. Rather as Pound has done in the *Cantos*, he juxtaposes events and people, history and necessary "fiction." Not the least rewarding of these ten stories is "Ithaka," a simple and moving memoir of Pound himself, toward the end of his life in Italy, when Davenport and a friend visited him. But did the visit occur? Is it history, or a necessary fiction? Who can say? Only Davenport—and he won't—as closemouthed as old Ezra himself. No matter; like everything in this remarkable book it bears the mark of a master, and though I hope my saying so won't keep anyone from reading *Da Vinci's Bicycle*, the mark of a poet. ❧

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END OF TORMENT: A Memoir of Ezra Pound, by H.D., With Poems from "Hilda's Book," by Ezra Pound. Edited by Norman Holmes Pearson and Michael King. New Directions, $8.50 hardcover, $3.95 paper.

P.S. from H.D.

HUGH KENNER

*SUCH FRENCH AND FRENCH-*Canadian De l'Hotels as ventured into English-speaking North America bowed long ago to the Anglo-Saxon assumption that foreigners don't know how to pronounce their own names. For since all tongues are at bottom mangled English, "Do little" was plainly what these people were trying to say; and Doolittle they accordingly became.

Another thing sturdy Saxons comprehend is that "poets" do very little of anything. A girl would have blundered therefore had she signed her poems with her name, "Hilda Doolittle," especially about 1912 when poems that neither rhymed nor scanned by the metronome were apt to be taken for evidence that poets these days were taking even less trouble than formerly. American, moreover, and female on top of that—after all these years the contemptuous review in *The Spectator* nearly writes itself.

It was never written, because she signed them "H.D.," identified only as an *Imagiste*, and in a period that teemed with French "schools"—Symbolisme, Le Paroxysme, L'Impulsionnisme, Le Futurisme—controversy was readily deflected to the topic, what *Les Imagistes* might pretend to be about.

This maneuver was contrived by Ezra Pound, who in after years frequently said that he had invented "Imagism" chiefly to get a hearing for five or six poems by "H.D.," though he had subsequently attached to the term three or four didactic emphases of his own. Pound had known H.D. since they were classmates in Pennsylvania. At one time they were more or less engaged, something her people wouldn't stand for. She followed him to London, was married—not to him but to Richard Aldington, the third Imagist—and divorced. She was bisexual, she divined. There were some years with the girl who went by the name of "Bryher" and was in fact a steamship heiress who had been married to Robert McAlmon of Nebraska. It is all the stuff of a novel, material Henry James would have prodded at gingerly.

In March 1958 H.D., nearing seventy, was in a Swiss *Klinik* recovering from a broken hip. Ezra Pound had been twelve years in a Washington madhouse. And H.D. commenced a journal:

Snow on his beard. But he had no beard then. Snow blows down from pine branches, dry powder on the red gold. "I make five friends for my hair, for one for myself."...

First kisses? In the woods, in the winter —what did one expect? Not this. Electric, magnetic, they do not so much warm, they magnetize, vitalize. We need never go back. Lie down under the trees. Die here. We are past feeling cold; isn't that the first symptom of rigor mortis? . . .

There are very few left who know what he looked like then. . . . "Where are you? Come back—" is shouted by the crowd above on the icy toboggan-run. "Shout back," I say, and he gives a parody of a raucous yodel, then "Haie! Haie! Io," (you have read this in his poems). He seems instinctively to have snapped back into everyday existence. He drags me out of the shadows.

A memory from Pennsylvania, 1905, when she was eighteen, he twenty. And the cold is the cold she has felt all her life and can still feel in the Swiss March, the cold of her "icy," "chiseled" verses, the suspended animation of a beauty whose prince kissed her into death-in-life, and dragged her "out of the shadows" seven years later as "H.D., *Imagiste*."

All the key words tell three or four ways; "Haie! Haie!," shouted by Pound in 1905 up the toboggan-run, is a cry from his 1912 poem "The Return":

. . . As if the snow should hesitate
And murmur in the wind,
and half turn back; . . .
Gods of the wingèd shoe!
With them the silver hounds,
sniffing the trace of air!
Haie! Haie! . . .

That poem envisages the return of the Greek divinities, its rhythm unmistakably Pound's but its idiom partly hers, and she, with her "Hellenic" modes of language, is part of what is returning, "With fear, as half-awakened."

IT SEEMED TO HER IN 1958 that what had happened to her whole life was simply Ezra Pound, who among the trees of Wyncote, Pa. used to call her "Dryad" and read to her out of Balzac (*Séraphita*, with its androgynous protagonist) and Whistler and William Morris. They had played, it seemed, at being in a novel together, the novel that became two tragic life-stories: the novel which in *End to Torment* we find her writing down, compactly, allusively, collapsing time upon time, the Imagist way.

Its convention, and substance, is that of a daily journal, its last entry dated 13 July, when she receives a letter describing the departure of Ezra and Dorothy Pound for Italy aboard the *Cristoforo Colombo* two weeks previously. He has been set free at last: an end to his torment anyhow.

The letter was from Norman Holmes Pearson, professor of American literature at Yale and her literary executor, who encouraged her to compose this memoir twenty-one years ago but did not live to prepare it for publication. It is neatly footnoted now, with for Appendix the text of *Hilda's Book*, poems Ezra Pound wrote for her more than seventy years ago and sewed into vellum covers. One still leads off his collected shorter poems, *Personae*; it is called "The Tree" and tells of the wisdom that came to him when he turned into a tree, as it were to mate with his "Dryad," tree-spirit. Another commences,

Child of the grass
The years pass Above us
Shadows of air All these shall love us

and ends,

Keep we the bond & seal
Ne'er shall we feel
Aught of sorrow.

He was—what?—twenty-one? twenty-two? bravely young, sure of their future, his rhythm already his own, uncounterfeitable; and not foreseeing at all a madhouse on one side of the Atlantic, and on the other a *Klinik* where the aged child of the grass would collect her bruised thoughts while a broken bone knitted.

HUGH KENNER is Andrew W. Mellon Professor of Humanities at Johns Hopkins. Among his books are The Poetry of Ezra Pound *and* The Pound Era.

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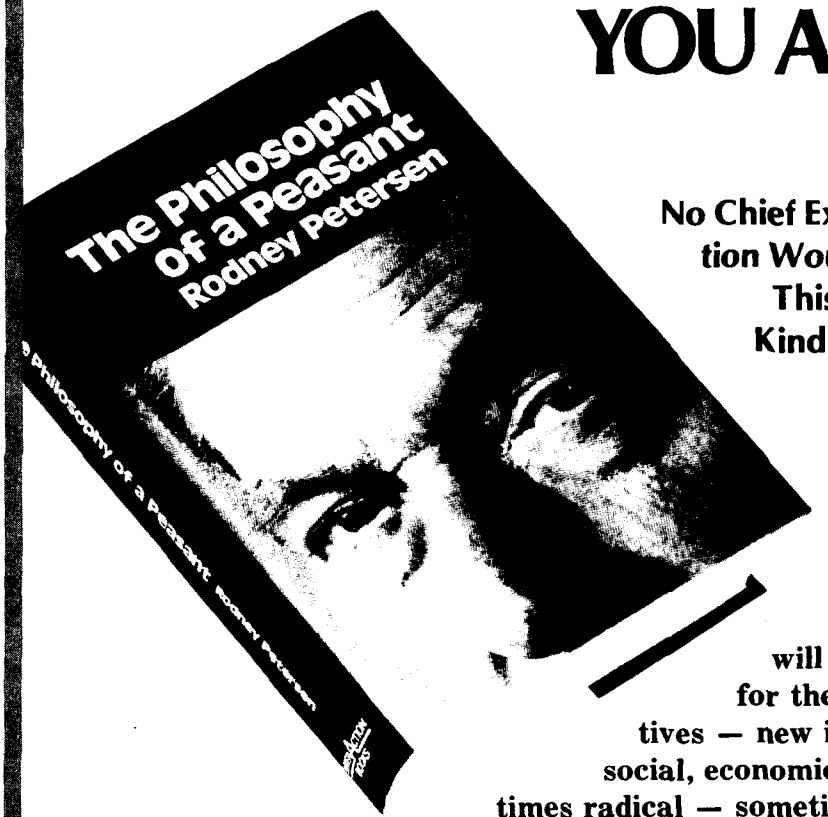
IF YOU HAVE A GUT FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG— YOU ARE RIGHT!



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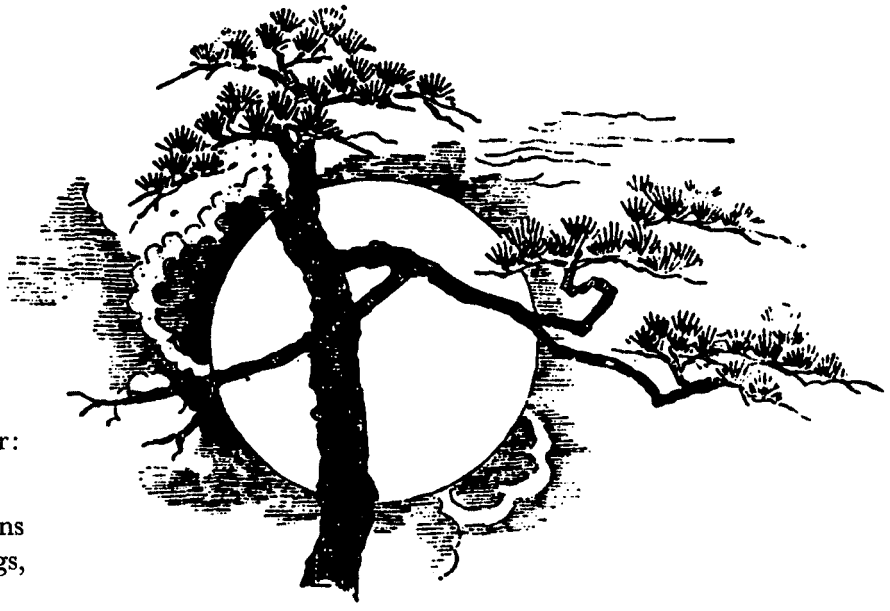
BARBARA HOWES



JIM

Sat there
In a folding chair
Awaiting his father:

Sixteen
Is young, if it means
Only more beatings,

Or older
When the boy was ordered
Monthlong to his room last year—

That June crept
By in exploding slow-motion; he erupted
July 1st, like a puppy

Ran each four corners
Of the yard, while his mother's
Eyes were grey with tears . . .

Then last week his father loomed
In the doorway: —so framed,
He was shot four times;

Sound
Catapulted against the background
Hill, the slag-dark ground,

To ricochet
From that squat tannery
Which was the future.

This much older
Boy, is he in second child-
Hood now? Can he recall

More than that he sat there
In a folding chair
Waiting for his father?

(1966)

II

Jim

Sat there
In a kitchen chair
Eating his dinner:

Twenty-seven
Is young; but then
What next? Often

He'd scoured
Southern back alleys for
Black kids to batter—

No pity
Bled his heart;
Once home, the slag-dark corner

Of his world
Was there: his murdered
Father wielded

Tides like a black
Moon, out-stretched
A long marine arm, which

Caught . . . Jim fell.
His sixty-year-old-
Heart's failure is real.

(1978)

BARBARA HOWES was nominated last year for the National Book Award in Poetry. Her new collection of poems, A Private Signal, *is published by Wesleyan University Press.*

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MAIN CURRENTS OF MARXISM: Its Rise, Growth and Dissolution; Volume I, The Founders, 434 pp.; Volume II, The Golden Age, 542 pp.; Volume III, The Breakdown, 548 pp.; by Leszek Kolakowski. Oxford University Press, $19.95 each volume.

The perennial illusion

J. N. GRAY

IT HAS BEEN SAID OF Rousseau's *Social Contract* that copies of the second edition were bound in the skins of those who had laughed at the first. The joke is a grim one, inasmuch as it remains a striking feature of the theory of the free society that it lacks any remotely adequate account of the appeal of totalitarianism. Confronted by an era of tyrannies whose triumphs have undone the achievements of centuries of cultural development and generations of industrial progress, friends of freedom have been sadly at a loss. In their desperate efforts to come to terms with the fragility of open societies, they have resorted to implausible conjectures about mass society, to a vague and impressionistic psychology of the fear of freedom, and in some cases to grotesque conspiracy theories.

All these responses endorse a common mistake that goes far toward explaining their inadequacy. With rare exceptions, classical liberals have taken for granted that the aspirations of modern totalitarian movements are alien to the dominant traditions of western civilization. They have thus been left with no alternative but to perceive communism and fascism as barbarous reversions to earlier, neotribal modes of thought and life, or else, perhaps, as incursions into European culture of strange and hostile traditions. Few have dared contemplate the possibility that totalitarianism is the legitimate offspring of some of Europe's most ancient and honored traditions.

In this monumental work of exposition and criticism, the most gifted thinker to come from Eastern Europe in recent years offers what he intends as a handbook of the history of Marxist doctrine, including a formidable and highly important interpretation of the phenomenal success of Marxism. No one is better qualified than Leszek Kolakowski for the task undertaken in this book. In March 1968, he was expelled for political reasons from Poland, where he had for many years been professor of the history of philosophy at the University of Warsaw. Kolakowski is a man of bold and subtle intelligence, who brings to his reflections on Marxian thought a unique combination of acute moral sensitivity, massive scholarship, and personal experience. This is a book that is bound to have a lasting and intensely controversial impact, for in it the author, himself once a distinguished exponent of both orthodox and revisionist varieties of Marxism, now breaks definitively with all of its distinctive doctrines. In doing so, he develops a powerful criticism, not just of Marxism, but of a major part of the western cultural inheritance, and suggests that we view Marxism as the eruption of an archaic fantasy deeply rooted in human experience.

The main themes of Kolakowski's interpretation of Marxism are forcefully presented in the first volume. There the sources of Hegelian ideas on dialectic are sought in the writings of Plotinus and the Christian Platonists, in whose thought the contingency of human existence—its inessential, accidental character—is tirelessly denied. Kolakowski makes plain that he finds the logical and chronological starting point of Marxism in a metaphysical view of man intelligible only in the context of the Neoplatonic attempt to absorb human life in all its miscellaneity and randomness into some universal, immutable, self-subsistent spiritual reality. This Neoplatonist idea is preserved in the Hegelian dialectic, which in Kolakowski's account is understood as a view of history in which consciousness overcomes its own contingency and finitude in a process of constant self-differentiation and eventual self-unification. Marxism is in a direct line of succession with these theories: It remains a doctrine of redemption and salvation, in which it is humanity, rather than any sort of spiritual reality, that is absolutized. In portraying Marxism as an episode in man's indefatigable effort to escape his own contingency, Kolakowski echoes the interpretation given by another ex-Marxist, the French molecular biologist and Nobel prize-winner, Jacques Monod, in his *Chance and Necessity*.

KOLAKOWSKI MAINTAINS throughout a clear and eminently sensible division between exposition and philosophical commentary and criticism. In the first volume, for example, chapter nine briefly states the ten basic principles of Marx's thought, and chapter sixteen discusses the three motifs of Marx's ideas: Romantic opposition to a divided society, a Promethean-Faustian humanism, and a rationalist-determinist view of history that owes much to the Enlightenment. This first volume also assesses the impact upon the young Marx of his studies of Epicurus and Democritus and of the writings of Hess and Feuerbach, together with a systematic exposition of his early political and philosophical writings: the so-called *Paris Manuscripts*, *The Holy Family*, and *The German Ideology*. A conspectus is given of Marx's more mature thought, much of it worked out in collaboration with Engels; and Marxian socialism is compared with other socialist ideas current in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Few liberals have dared to contemplate the possibility that totalitarianism is the legitimate offspring of some of Europe's oldest and most honored traditions.

The second volume offers a critical account of the "golden age" of Marxism from the period of the Second International to the founding of the Bolshevik government in Russia. It examines the contributions to Marxist thought of Karl Kautsky, Rosa Luxemburg, Bernstein, Jaurès, Paul Lafargue, Georges Sorel, Antonio Labriola, Ludwik Krzywicki, Kazimierz Kelles-Krauz, Stanislaw Brzozowski, and the various Austro-Marxists and assesses their impact on the socialist movements of Europe. The author

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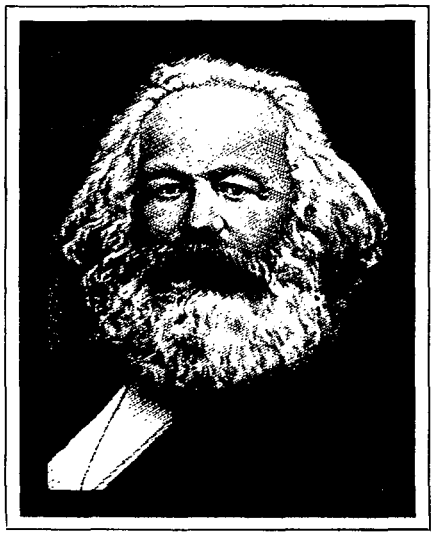
moves on to treat the beginnings of Russian Marxism, its codification by Plekhanov and development by Struve, and the emergence of Bolshevism as a political and philosophical movement. The last chapter of this volume discusses the transition of Leninism from a theory of the state to a state ideology.

In the third and last volume, Kolakowski discusses in an extended and systematic fashion the fortunes of Marxism as the ideology of the Soviet state. He proceeds to consider the individual contributions to Marxist thought and practice of Trotsky, Gramsci, Lukács, Korsch, Goldmann, the "critical theorists" of the Frankfurt School, Herbert Marcuse, and Ernst Bloch; and later discusses developments in Marxism since Stalin's death. In the epilogue to this last volume, the achievements and principal defects of Marxism are treated synoptically, and the author concludes in the trilogy's last sentence: "The self-deification of mankind, to which Marxism gave philosophical expression, has ended in the same way as all such attempts, whether individual or collective: it has revealed itself as the farcical aspect of human bondage."

In its critical sections, the book does much to demystify Marxism and to show how its central doctrines are implicated in the fate of existing Communist regimes. Kolakowski acknowledges the Russian anarchist Bakunin as the first to infer Leninism from Marxism inasmuch as he put to Marx a question that was never satisfactorily answered: How can a centralized economy avoid political despotism? Kolakowski's claim, as he makes clear, is not that a barracks socialism corresponded to Marx's intentions, but simply that the logic of Marxian socialism poses a dilemma to which tyranny is the only viable solution. A shrewd blow is directed against the fashionable delusions of salon Trotskyism when Kolakowski shows how the totalitarian potentiality of Stalinism was inherent in Lenin's authoritarian regime—which Trotsky was indispensable in maintaining. Kolakowski will have performed an invaluable service if the book does something to deflate the reputation of Trotsky, whose vain, stubborn, and pitiless genius, more than anything else, has helped to perpetrate Western misconceptions of the Soviet regime.



THE BOOK ACHIEVES AN important purpose, too, in revealing the War Communism period as a disastrous attempt to bring into being an economic order from which commodity production has been eliminated. It is still the fashion in establishment economic histories of the USSR to represent this period as one of strategic retreat rather than of almost suicidal socialist advance, and it is refreshing to see Kolakowski break with this orthodoxy. A major criticism might be advanced of Kolakowski's treatment of this period and of Marxian economic thought generally, however, in that he never decisively attacks the Marxian dream of a post-market industrial economy. There are suggestions here and there, it is true, that bureaucracy is the only feasible alternative to the market process, but nowhere does the author acknowledge the crucially important contributions of Ludwig von Mises, Friedrich Hayek, and Michael Polanyi to the question of the possibility of rational resource-allocation in a socialist economy.

Kolakowski thus fails to follow up the insights elaborated in such path-breaking studies as Paul Craig Roberts's *Alienation and the Soviet Economy*. There the Soviet experience is shown to corroborate the economic theory of the Austrian school: The Soviet economic order is disclosed as a calculational chaos mitigated by a considerable reliance on market processes and simulations thereof. Kolakowski's failure to draw the ultimate conclusions from such debacles as War Communism is perhaps not surprising, in that it inexorably involves acknowledging the incoherence of the whole corpus of socialist economic thought.

Even Kolakowski, however, has not succeeded altogether in freeing himself from dominant assumptions that Marxism shares with many other fashionable currents of thought. This is shown in his treatment of Marx and Engels's account of the early history of capitalism: Here he does little to distance himself from the conventional myth that during this period the living standards of the working class fell. Indeed, Kolakowski's brief references to workers in democratic societies suggest that he endorses the view that their increased prosperity came from a redistribution brought about via trade union activity. He apparently shares with social democrats everywhere a reluctance to assign credit for improvement in the material life of the mass of people to capitalism, or its surviving remnants.

These criticisms, though significant, ought not to detract from this book's immense importance, for in at least one major respect Kolakowski's critical conspectus of Marxist doctrine differs from any other account offered by an ex-Marxist. Uniquely, Kolakowski identifies the sources of Marxism in central western traditions in which the attempt to transcend the contingency of human existence and to discover a pattern in the wilderness of human history is never abandoned. Marx only enunciated in a stark and blunt form the millennial Western dream of a social order in which tragic conflicts have been superseded and human life returned to an aboriginal unity.

Kolakowski's argument suggests that if Marxism and the chiliastic movements it has sponsored throughout the modern world are offspring of authentic elements in the Western tradition, rather than attempts at a revolt against the West, then the role of modern communism is that of a formidable reactionary movement that draws its strength from some of the Western tradition's most cherished ideals. Certainly, the massive stability of Communist regimes is owed at least in part to their avowed cultural and intellectual conservatism, which condemns to a shadowy underground life all the radical manifestations of the modern spirit. A pessimist might well predict the ultimate triumph of Marxism as an ideology of state socialism, precisely because it promises to smother the prodigious technical virtuosity and cultural vitality of capitalist civilization.

All such pessimism at present, however, seems at least premature. The ancient traditions that Marxist movements express and preserve are not the

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whole of the Western heritage and they have not always been its dominant strand. It encompasses other traditions, Aristotelian rather than Platonist in origin, which reemerge in the thought of the late Scholastics and come to prominence in the French and most especially the Scottish Enlightenment. It is in these traditions that the foundations of the modern theory of the free society are laid, and where we find the best examples of the empirical and even skeptical habit of mind that is the strongest defense against the rationalist hubris of which Marxism is only the most seductive and damaging form.

THE FAIRNESS DOCTRINE AND THE MEDIA, by Steven J. Simmons, University of California Press, 285 pp., $14.95.

Injustice as fairness

BILL MONROE

THIS MUST SURELY BE THE most complete, compact, and current guide to the fairness doctrine and its grisly infirmities.

A scholar contemplating the ominous twentieth-century phenomenon of government guidance of the new (electronic) media could use this book as the point of departure for a life's work. No fewer than 82 of its 285 pages are devoted to fineprint notes, 10 to bibliography, 11 to a case and document index, and 14 to a subject index. Steven Simmons, a one-time communications lawyer, has interviewed lawyers, judges, bureaucrats, and journalists, examined the relevant decisions, briefs, and regulatory pronouncements, and laid the material out in meticulous law-review fashion.

As a matter of fact, his study could serve nicely as a handbook for communications lawyers or for broadcasters groaning in the snares of the fairness doctrine (or groaning in the snares of communications lawyers, which may be the same thing). It would at least condition them to the realization that, cases and precedents being what they are, nobody knows how any fairness dispute is going to come out—least of all the Federal Communications Commission. The confusion, as Simmons makes clear, inevitably reflects the sorry state of a sorry bureaucratic art—the effort to regulate media while paying lip service to freedom of the press.

To oversimplify for the benefit of the blissfully ignorant, the fairness doctrine consists of two basic requirements of the FCC. The first directs broadcasters to devote some air time to controversial issues of public importance. The second says that such coverage must not be one-sided; that contrasting viewpoints must be presented. Under the latter provision people who think their views have been slighted write to the FCC demanding what they invariably call "equal time." But the fairness doctrine should not be confused with what the FCC calls "equal time" rules, which prescribe the allocation of time among political candidates.

For a journalist, especially one given to running the First Amendment up the flagpole on patriotic holidays, Simmons's book includes good news and bad news. On the agreeable side, the author gives the fairness doctrine its just and dismal desserts. He provides a litany of the inconsistencies, ambiguities, and frustrations of legislators, regulators, and judges as they slog nobly toward contradictory goals. The only trouble is, even the good news becomes unpalatable. It's satisfying to have idiocy labeled idiocy, but eventually the mounting evidence of regulatory fiasco has the same effect as a violence-ridden movie. One gets an uncontrollable urge to flee the whole mess and go out and play frisbee or do something else that is clearly sane.

The bad news, from a newsman's point of view, is that while Simmons proves by an examination of regulatory atrocities that the fairness doctrine is unworkable, like many a regulation junkie he cannot bring himself to take a stick and end its wretched life. It turns out he is opposed to mercy killing. The thing has no brain waves, he says; it has been lying there for years, an unpleasant vegetable. But he is a lawyer who shrinks from exterminating a regulatory process no matter how scant its life signs.

Simmons gets in some good blows, nevertheless.

He reviews the famous Pensions

case resulting from the NBC television documentary that focused on abuses in the private pension system. Accuracy in Media (AIM), outraged, went to the FCC and said, aha, NBC didn't make clear that, while some pension plans are a vicious fraud, many of them work just fine. The FCC then declared the program in violation of those U.S. government rules of fairness that would have astonished Thomas Jefferson. NBC could have gotten off the hook at that point by inflicting on the innocent viewers of the "Today" show a bewildering five-minute interview on pension plans that work just fine. Instead, to its credit, the network went to court on principle and eventually won a reversal of the FCC decision. Standing up to this harassment cost it only $100,000 or so in legal costs.

Simmons's characteristic comment on the case: "Unfortunately, the fairness doctrine, held constitutional by the Supreme Court, inevitably leads to unhealthy Commission intervention in broadcast journalism and healthy yet tortured court decisions, such as Pensions, to rectify the First Amendment balance."

The doctrine deals out harassment to big and little broadcasters alike. A Seattle television station hit by a fairness complaint managed to get it thrown out, but not until it had spent $20,000 and 480 supervisory man-hours defending itself.

Then there was the incredible Larry O'Brien case. After President Nixon had made five prime-time speeches, mostly about Vietnam, CBS provided Democratic party chairman Lawrence O'Brien half an hour of reply time. Whereupon the Republicans asked for time to answer O'Brien, on the ground that he hadn't stuck to the issue of Vietnam—and the FCC ordered

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CBS to give the GOP time to answer O'Brien's answer to Nixon. Once again a federal court had to overturn the commission.

LOOKED AT FROM THE viewpoint of the complainant, the fairness doctrine doesn't work any better. He has the burden of proof and is required to submit a complex, seven-part case, including evidence that a licensee has not presented contrasting views anywhere else in its overall programming. "Apparently," Simmons says, "what is required is a total monitoring of a licensee's programming by the complainant, which is nearly impossible..."

The author's final indictment:

"One is forced to conclude, after close scrutiny of the fairness doctrine, that in actuality it is an 'unfairness doctrine.' " It is, he says, unfair to the public, because despite its pretentions it does not encourage expanded coverage of public issues, and it is unfair to broadcasters because it interferes with editorial judgments and inhibits controversial programming. Moreover, it is open to abuse by Presidents, political parties, and special interest groups: "Broadcast licensees see their print media brethren completely free of government interference and rightfully question why their own editorial judgments are so open to FCC interference."

Having said which, Simmons proceeds to recommend the continuation of FCC interference, but on a somewhat reduced scale. He favors ending the kind of balance requirements that figured in the Pensions and O'Brien cases. But he would retain the right of reply to station editorials. He urges tougher application of the meaningless, Mickey Mouse rules under which licensees must interview community leaders to "ascertain" local issues that need attention. And, like the people who like to throw money at problems, he would throw air time at them by requiring a specified quantity of public-issue programming.

The value of Simmons's book is that here we have a lawyer basically attuned to the idea of government overseeing media, who nevertheless takes a close look at the fairness doctrine and, in all candor, declares it a disaster. Case by case, he proves it unworkable. Yet he declines to see its unworkability as an inevitable consequence of the impossible burden put on conscientious regulators to simultaneously guide electronic media and keep them free.

This perversity makes the book masochistic reading for journalists who see the whole concept of media guidance by Presidential appointees as a lit match under the First Amendment. One such journalist, who read much of the book in a country cabin, found he could only get through it by taking time out every other page to get up and swat flies. ❏

CONCEPTS AND CATEGORIES. Philosophical Essays, by Isaiah Berlin. Edited by Henry Hardy. Viking Press, 202 pp., $12.95.

Philosopher for all seasons

ALAN RYAN

THE CHIEF THING THAT emerges from even the most conventionally philosophical of the essays in *Concepts and Categories* is the way in which Isaiah Berlin has always objected to the tendency of philosophers to impose an artificial tidiness and simplicity on the world, on language, and on the way the one relates to the other. The idea that some sorts of propositions were intrinsically safe and reliable, that these must form the building blocks of our assertions about the world, and that their logical structure must mirror the structure of the world—all this seems to have struck Berlin as fantastic and simple-minded at first sight. The defense of pluralism in politics and morals with which we nowadays associate Berlin's name, and the views about the proper methods of history and other cultural studies that he has defended over the last thirty years, are evidently all of a piece with his first essays in the theories of meaning and of knowledge.

The defense of moral and political pluralism seems to rest on Berlin's sense of the richness and reality of other cultures and other epochs; the way to remind ourselves most vividly that there *are* alternative views of the world and that there *are* moral views other than our own is surely by a sympathetic immersion in the ideas and actions of other cultures or epochs. To Berlin it has evidently seemed from the outset quite out of the question to reduce the past, say, to its traces in the present, just as it was out of the question to reduce the reality of another person's mental life to the impact that his life made on us.

Still, it is not surprising that Berlin's interest in philosophy pulled him away from what you might call the central issues of logical analysis. In the preface here he tells us why he turned away from philosophy and to the history of ideas. A conversation with the famous logician H. M. Sheffer of Harvard brought home to him how little one could ever *know* in philosophy. "To speak of a man learned in epistemology, or a scholar in ethics does not make sense," said Sheffer, and Berlin decided that this was obviously true, and that he did not wish to devote himself to a subject that would add so little to the stock of human knowledge. "I gradually came to the conclusion that I should prefer a field in which one could hope to know more at the end of one's life than when one had begun . . ."

And yet, the fact is that Berlin tackles the history of ideas very much from the philosopher's angle. He has a marvelous gift for bringing to life the thinkers with whom he engages, so that, as Maurice Bowra remarked, you look up half expecting to see Isaiah Berlin steering Machiavelli or Tolstoy or Turgenev toward you through a throng of animated figures, but this gift is employed for purposes of argument. *The Hedgehog and the Fox* offers a compelling account of Tolstoy's struggle to simplify the lessons he thought he had learned from history, and the account is psychologically persuasive in the highest degree. All the same, the angle from which Tolstoy is viewed is the angle from which a philosopher of history would see him.

Fathers and Children is a vivid, and in many respects a very moving, account of Turgenev's awkwardnesses and ambivalences in the face of the scornful, confident young revolutionaries of his day. It is also the result of Berlin's reflections on where a liberal must draw the line between openness to argument, and mere woolliness and uncertainty. It is much too crude simply to say that Berlin's essays in the history of ideas are always intended to point a

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moral, or to make a philosophical case; nonetheless, the distinction of his work does rest on the way Berlin combines the historian's empathy with the thinker, and the philosopher's empathy with the thought.

What *Concepts and Categories* offers in a particularly clear form therefore is the underlying intellectual commitments from which these strengths are drawn. The commitments are traced with great deftness in an introductory essay by Bernard Williams—it combines a lucid and accurate account of the contents of the essays that follow with a sort of intellectual gaiety entirely appropriate to the celebratory nature of the occasion.

THE OBVIOUS STARTING point is Berlin's conception of what philosophy is about. Berlin's own preface sounds almost dismissive, as if philosophy's noncumulative character is the most obvious thing about it, and a pretty deplorable characteristic too. But this is belied by the very first essay in the book, a popular piece on "The Purpose of Philosophy," as well as by a deservedly famous essay, "Does Political Theory Still Exist?" For Berlin's claim is that philosophy may be killed off by repression or by ideological conformism, but that wherever there is any intellectual freedom, and wherever there is any taste for intellectual activity for its own sake, philosophical speculation is unavoidable. This is because there are, and so far as we can tell, there always will be, questions that resist the known and accepted techniques for their solution:

> When I ask 'Why can I not be in two places at once?,' 'Why can I not get back into the past?' or, to move to another region, 'What is justice?' or 'Is justice absolute, objective, etc.?' or again 'How can we ever be sure that an action is just?'—no obvious method of settling these questions lies to hand. One of the surest hallmarks of a philosophical question—for this is what all these questions are—is that we are puzzled from the very outset, that there is no automatic technique, no universally recognized expertise, for dealing with such questions.

They seem not to yield to the logical techniques of the formal disciplines such as mathematics, and they seem not to yield to the empirical techniques of the natural and social sciences. Yet they are not pseudo-questions, and Berlin does not in the least wish to suggest that because they resist tried techniques for acquiring positive knowledge they are not real questions. There is a genuine puzzlement, and it is no less genuine in being so unamenable to dissolution.

Although the obvious examples come from traditional metaphysical disputes—about the nature of space and time, say, or about the existence of an external world or of other minds—Berlin's main concern is with questions in the humanities. And I suppose that there are three crucial issues on which his views are particularly distinctive and hotly disputed. The first is the nature of historical inquiries; here, Berlin attacks the defenders of "Scientific History" in an essay on "The Concept of Scientific History" that forms a companion piece to "Historical Inevitability."

To put it at its simplest, Berlin's case is that in studying the behavior of creatures like ourselves, which is what the historian does, we do not purify the subject by trying to treat human behavior as if it were subject to the same causal uniformities as all other natural phenomena, possessing no dimension other than regularity and irregularity; if we do we lose sight of what the subject matter actually is. Historical understanding is more akin to philosophy than to science; it involves uncovering the intellectual and moral "models" that men have employed to explain, guide, and justify their actions; and any such uncovering is simultaneously a form of evaluation. When we try to get clear about our own beliefs, we necessarily evaluate those beliefs at the same time; understanding other men is in this crucial respect like understanding ourselves.

This skepticism about the project to turn history into a branch of the natural sciences ties in to Berlin's views on the incompatibility of our ordinary moral evaluation of people's actions with the deterministic framework that philosophers read into the scientific treatment of behavior. Berlin's position on this is a matter of some dispute; as Bernard Williams notices, the claim that determinism and moral judgment are mutually exclusive is not "intended as an argument *in terrorem* against accepting determinism," and Berlin insists over and over again that determinism *may* be true. Nonetheless, as Williams also notes, the tone of Berlin's discussion is such as to lead one to suspect "that he not only hopes but believes that determinism is false, and that the whole loaf of anti-determinist freedom which the libertarian craves is actually available."

PERHAPS THE MOST DIS- tinctive of Berlin's claims is that rationality in moral and political matters does not consist of working out "answers" to problems, and, in consequence, that rationality in these areas does not involve the prospect of eliminating or even of very much reducing the conflict between one goal and another. Berlin makes his case against almost all varieties of ethical rationalism, whether hedonistic, in the case of utilitarian calculation, or deontological, in the case of systems like Kant's. All such systems share one fatal weakness: They presuppose that if only we thought hard enough we should come out with the single best answer to every moral and political issue. Berlin's claim is that there is no reason to believe that any such best answer exists.

It is a very striking claim. It is not the uncontentious claim that there are lots of prima facie conflicts of duty, lots of occasions when, given an imperfect world, we can't have everything we'd like: It is the more alarming claim that no method for resolving these conflicts is so persuasive that any rational man must accept it. If one insists that there is a plurality of ultimate values, one paradox that follows instantly is that some of these values are deeply hostile to pluralism, so the liberal cannot view pluralism as the basis for a sort of compromise moral universe with room for every highly valued way of life. Certainly, one defense of liberalism and of social pluralism is that it can allow *more* values to flourish; but that is not a defense that appeals to all customers. The devoted traditionalist, for instance, cannot accept a world in which Mill's doctrine of "experiments in living" is widely held; for what he wants to live in is a world in which tradition has *authority*, and authority is just what Mill's pluralism excludes.

But, then, what is the defense of pluralism? Oddly, it has to be the sort of defense of which Berlin himself is otherwise rather skeptical: an attachment to the knowledge that moral values are plural, as a value in itself. The pluralist is in the intriguing position of recognizing that there are all sorts of values, none of which has any absolute and overriding claim that anyone has to recognize on pain of being found to be ignorant or incoherent, and yet of attaching absolute and overriding value to knowing that this is how it is with his values. It is, if you like, a sort of

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existentialist assertion of the power of moral choice, and one that might be thought to sit oddly in the liberal tradition. Such a topic is better discussed in the context of Berlin's essays in the history of ideas, and particularly in the context of his work on the Russian liberal intelligentsia. Here it is enough simply to observe how in these, the most narrowly philosophical of Berlin's writings, we find ourselves pulled so swiftly toward the historical and political concerns that Berlin says led him to abandon philosophy itself. ❧

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUMAN RIGHTS, Volume I, The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism; by Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman. South End Press, Box 68, Aston Station, Boston, MA 02123; 434 pp., $15.00 hardcover, $5.50 paper.

Human wrongs

RICHARD DRINNON

*PICTURE AFFABLE WAL*ter Mondale flying out to the edges of the Free World last spring. In the Philippines he has the customary "candid and constructive" chat with Ferdinand Marcos, reportedly tells him to "shape up on human rights," and anticipates that happy day by signing four agreements worth $41 million. Later, in Jakarta, the Vice President discovers that the Indonesian generals very much covet A-4s, the ground-attack bombers heralded as particularly useful in counterinsurgency operations against rebels lacking antiaircraft weapons. Hurried phone calls back to Washington bring him discretionary authority to give his hosts what they want if he feels they will make "adequate progress" on human rights. A few more candid exchanges head to head with the generals persuade him they will do so. Thereupon, the smiling emissary of American liberalism announces the plane sale before flying back to the seat of empire.

"Putting a Good Face on Terror" is a suitable caption for our Mondale vignette. Drawn from appreciative *New York Times* accounts (May 7, 14, 1978), it captures characteristic features of Jimmy Carter's "human rights" campaign and reveals why Noam Chomsky of MIT and Edward S. Herman of the University of Pennsylvania nearly gag over the hypocrisy of that campaign. By signing the agreements with Marcos, the Vice President once again conferred the administration's benediction on that dictator, on his police-state tortures (which Amnesty International finds "widespread and systematic"), and on his war of annihilation against the Muslim (Moro) rebels in the southern Philippines.

Nearby, helped to power by the CIA in the 1960s, the Indonesian generals had already demonstrated their devotion to human decency by conducting one of the greatest bloodbaths of all time: Current rulers of a land of torture chambers and concentration camps, the generals doubtless counted on using the U.S.-supplied ground-attack bombers in East Timor, as Chomsky has pointed out, to step up their extermination of the mountain people there. And as the loyal media auxiliary, the man from the *New York Times* did his part to spare folks back on the mainland these painful realities of our very own "archipelago."

Behind all the toothy expressions of international good will lurk the hurtings and killings that have made Washington, D.C., as Chomsky and Herman emphatically conclude, "*the torture and political murder capital of the world.*" In this volume they analyze the forces that have made it so, why its deadly preeminence is so little known despite the plentiful evidence they review, and how the system has worked in client states stretching west from Iran past some 3000 U.S. foreign bases all the way to Thailand. Embedded in an up-to-date message on the state of the empire, their thesis merits careful consideration: "Human rights have tended to stand in the way of the satisfactory pursuit of U.S. economic interests—and they have, accordingly, been brushed aside, systematically."

Underlying their preoccupation with "compelling economic interests" is the classic Marxist assumption that

Their indictment is that "there was an important racist underpinning to the assault on Vietnam that was not fundamental to it but greatly facilitated the manipulation and destruction."

imperialism is the final or "highest" stage of capitalism. Accordingly they slight other U.S. interests, real or putative, that are not necessarily less compelling than the drive for "a favorable investment climate." During the recent U.S. intervention in Angola, for instance, political interests ("national security") proved more compelling than the economic clout of Gulf Oil and Boeing, no less: The transnational giants wanted to do business with Agostinho Neto and the MPLA, jockeyed for permission in Washington, but were overruled by Kissinger, the 40 Committee, and the CIA. In the militarized economy of our national security state, by definition, the economic structure is not independent; by demonstration it becomes, sometimes, the handmaiden of the war managers and their ideological interests.

UNDER THE HEADING "The Touch of Racism in U.S. Policy Toward Indochina" Chomsky and Herman assert that "there was an important racist underpinning to the assault on Vietnam that was not fundamental to it but greatly facilitated the manipulation and destruction." Yet citing a "touch of racism" is a bit like finding a "touch of cancer" in a post-mortem. Actually, certain Pentagon papers show that the U.S. emerged from World War II fearful that all Asia would be swept "by a Pan-Asiatic movement against all Western Powers." Truman and his successors feared precisely what Ho Chi Minh flatly declared in 1946: "The white man is finished in Asia."

To ward off this dreaded rejection, the United States tried to prop up the French colonial regime in Vietnam; when that failed, it intervened directly to reestablish a complex that was

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Western oriented, which meant, as John Foster Dulles linked the terms in 1954, *white Western* oriented and *white Western* dominated. Racism was a critical component of the white American nationalism that plunged us headlong into that disaster—an observation offered not to supplant but to supplement the author's stress on the needs of American state capitalism.

Chomsky and Herman miss a magnificent opportunity to add the historical origins of current terrors to their account of "neocolonialism," and thereby to tie the global U.S. empire to the continental empire that preceded it. The linkages dangle invitingly, for Anglo-Americans have always been colonialists. For instance, the authors mention that under the CIA's Phoenix program, $11,000 was offered for a live "Viet Cong Infrastructure" suspect and $5,500 for a dead one; figures that might have led the authors to reflect on some precedents. In 1697 Hannah Duston chopped up her sleeping captors (and their children) and returned to the Massachusetts Bay Colony with her bloody trophies to claim the bounty of £10 apiece on Native American scalps. In 1901 General Frederick Funston offered $600 for the head of an Afro-American "mad dog" who had gone over to the side of the Filipinos. In 1962 Edward G. Lansdale and his MONGOOSE plotters against Castro had before them a Pentagon proposal called "Operation Bounty," a "system of financial rewards, commensurate with position and stature, for killing or delivering alive known Communists," with $5,000 to be paid for an "informer" on up to $100,000 each for "government officials." As these few illustrations suggest, the imperial temper was always there: While the bounties fluctuated, the attitudes they revealed toward native populations remained constant.

All the same, terror has a "political economy" and this is an important study of the economics of repression in the Third World. Chomsky and Herman conclusively establish that U.S. aid "*has been positively related to investment climate and inversely related to . . . human rights.*" They show that the United States has proliferated terror by supplying its clients with everything from aid and recognition to paramilitary experts and torture gear. Their findings buttress Michael Klare's contention that the United States "stands at *the supply end of a pipeline of repressive technology* extending to many of the world's authoritarian governments."

At the other end of the pipeline, with their hands extended, palms up, stand small denationalized elites who seek all this repressive wherewithal to smash their populations into submission—indeed these Mafia-like clusters of authoritarians live off corruption and so lack legitimacy that Chomsky and Herman even call them *sub*fascist. What we know about various places in bits and pieces comes together in *The Political Economy of Human Rights* to enable us to see repression as a worldwide system that has unleashed "death squads" in Brazil and elsewhere, turned Latin America into "one gigantic prison," and accelerated the extermination of native peoples from Amazonia to the Vietnamese highlands. Signs might appropriately be erected outside the government death camps for the Aché Indians in Paraguay and for the East Timorese at Remexico: UNDERWRITTEN BY THE WASHINGTON CONNECTION, Unltd.

Since this connection leads directly to the institutionalization of terror in the Third World, why are its countless victims virtually ignored by the mass media? Surely the complexion of most of the casualties has mattered, as Anthony Lewis inadvertently revealed while explaining the media's concern with human rights almost exclusively east of the Elbe: "the afflicted individuals are enough like us so that we identify with them—and . . . their stories are often such nightmares of cruelty." Would a Sioux at Pine Ridge, a black in Watts, or a Chicano in San Antonio so readily identify with the Soviet dissidents? Rather Aleksandr Ginzburg and Anatoly Shcharansky are more like columnists for the *New York Times* and the rest of "us" white Americans who have historically had difficulty identifying with nonwhites.

The United States has proliferated terror in the Third World by supplying clients with everything from foreign aid to military experts and sophisticated torture gear.

IN THE CONTEXT OF THEIR general neglect of white America's outlook Chomsky and Herman not surprisingly miss the ethnocentric implication of Lewis's "explanation" of media bias. They do, however, comment that an endless supply of nightmares of cruelty could be culled from the rest of the world. The last 20,000 cases of severe torture and murder in Latin America, for instance, received less U.S. news coverage than the 1978 trials of Ginzburg and Shcharansky in the Soviet Union. The media have depicted the "wholesale terror" of our client regimes as reactive, constructive, even benign, and have made anathema the "retail" terror of movements against their injustices. Such "semantics of terror," argue Chomsky and Herman, has indoctrinated us and kept us unaware of U.S.-sponsored death camps and torture chambers. Liberal ideologues who support such wholesale terror receive their just due in this indispensable study of their tortured apologetics.

In 1973 Warner Modular Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of a larger communications conglomerate, printed 20,000 copies of an earlier version of this volume and went ahead with plans for publication. But high officials in the parent corporation, in particular William Sarnoff, heard that Chomsky and Herman held the United States mainly responsible for recent bloodbaths; they took umbrage at so "unpatriotic" a finding, broke the contract with the authors, and effectively suppressed this study, all as if in confirmation of those charges of government "brainwashing" and corporate censorship. That this all too timely volume appears now is a tribute to the dedication of the Boston collective known as the South End Press and to the courage and persistence of the authors.

At a time when many veteran critics have been driven into internal exile or absorbed by the establishment, Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman remind us by example that it is the responsibility of intellectuals to speak the truth and expose lies. Thanks to their handbook of Free World terrors, we can reaffirm our responsibility by lifting the many Mondale masks that hide monstrous human wrongs committed in our name. ❑

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FILM

AN ALMOST PERFECT AFFAIR, directed by Michael Ritchie.

A LITTLE ROMANCE, directed by George Roy Hill.

THE CHAMP, directed by Franco Zeffirelli.

French postcards

STEPHEN HARVEY

LATELY IT SEEMS YOU practically need the intercession of your friendly neighborhood soothsayer to tell one new movie from another. Apart from the usual proliferation of remakes, sequels, and assorted recyclings, this spring even the titles of totally unrelated films have begun to blend together. Imagine the bafflement of the casual moviegoer who decides to catch up on that pleasant romantic comedy he's heard about with some classy European star. He's likely to stumble in and stagger out of the empty theater unreeling Robert Altman's latest exercise in esoterica, *A Perfect Couple*, when what he was really after was either *An Almost Perfect Affair* or *A Little Romance*.

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Actually, Michael Ritchie's *Affair* and George Roy Hill's *Romance* have a good deal more in common than interchangeable monickers. Both are naturalized versions of that arthouse staple, the small-scale Gallic divertissement, all bittersweet esprit against sun-drenched continental backdrops. Both pivot on cross-cultural liaisons thwarted when the heroine returns to her homeland in the thrall of some staunch but loving father figure; the subtext of both is the imbecilic swinishness of Hollywood dealmakers and would-be *auteurs* on French leave abroad. Accompanied in each case by the poignant strains of Georges Delerue's music, Ritchie's and Hill's efforts both owe much of their charm to their ingratiating female leads, and much of their occasional *longueur* to the leaden contributions of their male stars.

Superficially, at least, *An Almost Perfect Affair* is yet another chapter in Michael Ritchie's lively continuing saga of frailty under pressure. He has previously laid siege to the Winter Olympics (*Downhill Racer*), political campaigns (*The Candidate*), beauty pageants (*Smile*), the Little League (*The Bad News Bears*), and professional football (*Semi-Tough*). Now Ritchie takes aim at the Cannes Film Festival, that annual orgy of conspicuous celluloid consumption where the ultimate prize is not the Palme D'Or awarded by the jury, but admission to the Order of the Golden Calf, earned when you successfully hustle the Singapore rights to your latest, as-yet-unmade blaxploitation porno disaster epic.

With deadpan sarcasm, Ritchie records a hilariously demented world in which a resurrected Jean Renoir might wander about unnoticed, but Farrah Fawcett-Majors is engulfed by the press à la Sebastian in *Suddenly, Last Summer*. Ritchie intermixes real footage of genuine demiluminaries exposed in the act of self-promotion, with some inspired creations of his own. The camera winks at Miss Rona taking an on-video pratfall on the steps of the Carlton Hotel, Edy Williams blithely handing out tasteful snatch shots of herself, and George Peppard working hard at looking blasé while seated in a Croisette café. At the same time we're introduced to a black Machiavelli named Jackson (Dick Anthony Williams), intent on selling his latest *chef-d'oeuvre*, one *Sir Walter Nigger*; and a Ponti–De Laurentiis type (Raf Vallone) whose greatest ambition is to package a prestige blockbuster on the order of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, starring Charles Bronson.

Observing this bacchanal are a virgin festivalgoer (Keith Carradine) seeking a niche for his *cinéma vérité* tract on the life of Gary Gilmore, and the Italian mogul's wife (Monica Vitti). They have a chance meeting in the Cannes Customs Office (she has retrieved her canine, he his film); subsequently, Vitti sympathetically guides him through the labyrinth of Côte d'Azur commercialism. The romance that develops between these unlikely nonswingers is definitely a case of the attraction of opposites—her immersion is in the real kitsch of life rather than in its movie-movie equivalent, and his nirvana would be to pitch a tent in the lobby of the Cinémathèque Française, popping handfuls of granola from time to time to keep up his strength.

RITCHIE'S LAMPOON OF the yearly mating rites between Art and Mammon may be a bit recherché for most audiences, a concern reflected in the film's change of title from the original, and far more

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clever, *Cannes Game*. Nevertheless, since satire is Ritchie's most evident talent, these acid vignettes provide the movie's sprightliest moments. As soon as the Vitti-Carradine romance takes root, everything else is shoved firmly to the background—with decidedly mixed results. Walter Bernstein and Don Petersen's screenplay regularly bogs down in platitudes of the This-is-my-first-affair-so-please-be-kind variety that seem even more ponderous because of the metronomic literalness with which they're delivered. Vitti is doubtless hampered by working in an alien language whose unfamiliar rhythms trip her up from time to time, but Carradine has no such alibi. Visibly masticating every thought and pondering every syllable before expelling it, he transforms what is intended to be a youthfully self-absorbed naif into a narcissistic churl.

Under the circumstances, the charm this character exerts on the heroine is a mite hard to fathom, but then any actor worthy of acting opposite La Vitti would have to be pretty special. Apart from that sixties pop artifact, *Modesty Blaise*, this is her first English-language film and she is glorious, garbled diction or no. Vitti is known here, if at all, for those mute, anxiety-ridden creatures she essayed for Antonioni in the early sixties, which is as if Rosalind Russell were to be forever recalled for *Sister Kenny*. Actually, playing feckless sophisticates and reckless proles, she's long been Italy's leading screen comedienne and most prominent female star, and *An Almost Perfect Affair* makes it abundantly clear why.

Although twenty years have passed since *L'Avventura*, Vitti looks sensational—the camera lingers on the tawny planes of her face and those veiled, bemused eyes. The presence she exudes on screen is tantalizingly contradictory—part waif, part siren, she's a giddy optimist with one eye warily cocked while calamity nips at her heels. Like Carole Lombard or Kay Kendall, she underlines her glamor with a shrug of self-deprecation; like Judy Holliday, Vitti in her vulnerability adds unexpected depths of feeling to her gift for dizzy comedy. Her piquancy and Ritchie's dash of vitriol don't really belong in the same movie, but the combination turns a less than perfect project into an almost treasurable film.

A Little Romance likewise dwells on the infatuation between a film acolyte and his nonbelieving inamorata, but, with impeccable movie logic, since they're each about thirteen years old, they conduct themselves with considerably more sobriety and decorum than their counterparts. Daniel (Thelonious Bernard), a.k.a. Bogart to his pals, is a Parisian cabdriver's son whose hobby is figuring the horses with computerlike accuracy. He first espies golden-haired Lauren (Diane Lane) when he invades a closed movie set and sees her on the sidelines with her nose buried in a copy of Heidegger. She has been dragged onto the set by her expatriate mother (Sally Kellerman), a dithery, much-married poseuse whose latest conquest is the movie's petulant director (David Dukes). Lane and Bernard are enchanted with each other's pubescent charms and formidable IQ, but young love hits a snag when Kellerman takes a snobbish dislike to her daughter's swain and informs the girl that both mother and daughter must accompany stepdad Arthur Hill to Houston at once. With the aid of an elderly Gallic con artist turned cupid (Laurence Olivier), the smitten pair plans an Italian getaway—nothing permanent, just a final rendezvous to kiss in a Venetian gondola at sunset under the Bridge of Sighs before parting, perhaps forever. Suffice it to say that, hounded by carabinieri from the border through Verona to the Piazza San Marco, these two plucky tots get their wish.

HOWEVER CLOYING THIS scenario may sound, you find yourself actually caring. George Roy Hill has long been one of the slickest craftsmen in the business, his forte being glossy wish-fulfillment: escapism in the literal sense. His movies celebrate lovable anarchists wriggling insouciantly out of the fetters of everyday life (*The Sting*, *Butch Cassidy*, *The World of Henry Orient*). Often his films overdose on facile cutesyness, but in *A Little Romance* Hill has been careful not to ruin the meringue with too much sugar. As in *Henry Orient*, the kids in *A Little Romance* are endearing—not, heaven knows, because they're particularly "real," but because their solemnly matter-of-fact innocence is at least a fresher view of childhood than you get from those precocious ersatz grown-ups who inhabit most movies about youth. Hill's film wins you over, thanks largely to its young stars' refusal to try to overwhelm you at every turn with their array of darling little tricks. Diane Lane does a particularly stunning job of underplaying, and the jaunty teen-age swagger of young Bernard is an admirable foil for her incidental sensitivity.

Would that some of their beguiling casualness had rubbed off on their co-star, the esteemed Lord Olivier. As usual of late, he assumes an accent as indigestible as last week's gateau. Busily shrugging his shoulders, bobbing his head, and rolling his eyes, he seems determined to cap his career as a kind

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of ambulatory Lionel Barrymore. His ostentatious character turn swamps every scene he's in. Among the rest of the adult knaves, fools, and squares impeding first love are Kellerman, Dukes (whose parody of William Friedkin is the devastating equal of Robert Klein's take-off on Peter Bogdanovich in last year's *Hooper*), and Arthur Hill, playing compassionate straight man. I could have gladly dispensed with some of our director's relentless self-homage (apparently every third cinema from Paris to Venice is continually playing either *Butch Cassidy* or *The Sting*) and overdone unspoken fealty to Truffaut. *A Little Romance* is throwaway fluff, but a much nicer example of the type than one had any right to expect.

Not so *The Champ*, which only goes to show that you can too still make them the way they used to—the question is, why do they want to? This tribute to the mortician's art takes its cue from *Rocky* and its plot from a 1931 version directed with adroitly corny bathos by King Vidor; yet its real model is evidently some midforties Robert Z. Leonard M-G-Mediocrity. Like all those wartime Greer Garson and/or Robert Taylor vehicles, *The Champ* consists of a teensy, tricked-up, sentimental kernel swollen with gallons of misguided "production values" like so much embalming fluid. The photography resembles the bright-hued labels they used to slap on orange crates, and the score is the kind of ebb-and-surge sludge that was once the hallmark of Metro's own Herbert Stothart. Then there are the hideously rococo costumes stitched onto Faye Dunaway and her high-society entourage; typically, during the fashion show she emcees halfway through the picture (shades of *The Women*), the assemblage of costumes on the backs of the audience is more assiduously color-coordinated than is the garb of the mannequins.

Buried under all this is the expensive cast, frozen in appropriately stellar attitudes. Dunaway, sallow and plump in her acres of grey chiffon, has reduced her acting range to *no*-like simplicity; in the great tradition of Hedy Lamarr she conveys horror, guilt, and anguish by the histrionic shorthand of widening her eyes, then shutting them tight while clasping a delicate hand over her half-open mouth.

As the boozed-out pugilist purportedly once wedded to this glacial creature, Jon Voight tries on Marlon Brando's I-coulda-been-a-contenduh voice, and apparently operates under the impression that dim-witted people move their faces a lot more than smart people do. The issue of this ruptured union, Ricky Schroder, has platinum blond hair, long black eyelashes, and the cutest sprinkling of freckles over his dear little pug nose; moreover, he's the most proficient crier since the days of Margaret O'Brien. This diminutive darling sells trembling-chinned sweetness and boyish gusto with the mechanical aplomb of a born huckster. You also get brief glimpses of Arthur Hill in a dull replica of his *A Little Romance* role (context is everything), and of Joan Blondell, who, to her credit, takes about forty-five seconds longer than everybody else to succumb to the urge to hug little Master Schroder.

The object of all this is to prod the viewer into unleashing a torrent of tears, and whenever there's a horse to be maimed, a kid to be slapped, or a boxer to be decked, the camera is sure to move in ponderously for the kill. In the process, Franco Zeffirelli displays all the unabashed clinical efficiency of an automatic milking machine, just as his forebears did in L. B. Mayer's stable some thirty-odd years ago. But why go on?—*The Champ* is strictly one for the glue factory. ❏

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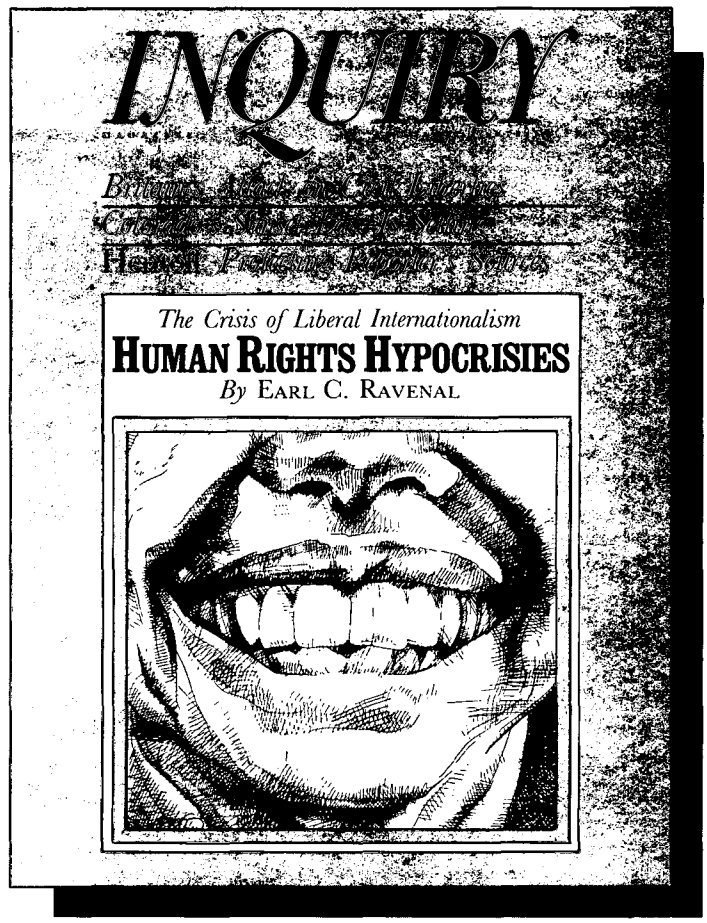

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